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THE
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LIGHT

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

AND
THE
WEEK'S
NEWS.

VOL. II.—No. 104.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JULY 16, 1892.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

CHIVERS'

GOLD MEDAL.

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES.

Mr. Gordon Stables says: "Messrs. Chivers have come to the front with jellies that really add to our health and luxury." A child can in a few minutes make jellies of which any cook might be proud. Of all Grocers and Stores. The address of the nearest Grocer to you will be sent on receipt of post card.

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10 Prizes of £100 each.

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THE INTERCHANGEABLE PIPE CO., 9, South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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NOTE.—The INTERCHANGEABLE PIPE is designed for concealing from view a complete Clay Pipe, and protecting same from injury. The Clays are specially prepared to absorb nicotine, and, when foul, can be readily exchanged for a clean one.

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The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in packets containing 12, and boxes of 24, 50, and 100

The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov. 1900, is of interest to every Smoker:—
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the 'Review of Reviews' for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

"Unsurpassed for PURITY, SOLUBILITY, & EXCELLENCE."

"Lancet."
Pure and
very
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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"Medical
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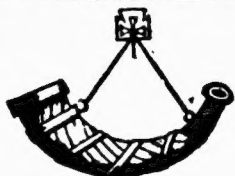
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PURE MINERAL WATERS.

PURVEYORS OF BOTTLED BEER TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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NOT THE "MOLDAOOTT."

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY COUPON.
 Entitles Holder to ONE "EXCELSIOR" SEWING MACHINE, carriage free, at above price if ordered within fourteen days.
 (Signed) J. THEOBALD & CO.

THEOBALD'S NEW FIELD GLASSES FOR 1892.

WE have much pleasure in introducing this new make of Field Glass to the notice of the public. It is a glass admirably suited for the Country and for Sea Views. The Lenses are specially selected, and each severely tested, none but those of most excellent quality being used. Each glass contains 6 Lenses, and the Object Glasses measure 1 1/2 inches diameter. It will thus be seen that they give an immense field of view, and do not cramp up the object and strain the sight like small lenses. The Body is covered with Leather, and the Drawers and Mount are Nickel Silvered, giving a handsome appearance. Each instrument is in a Leather Case with Strap complete. These Glasses will carry a distance of 20 miles, and are wonderfully clear and sharp, possessing great magnifying power. We Guarantee every Glass we Sell. They are made thousands at a time, and we are therefore, able to offer them at the exceedingly low price of 12s. 6d., carriage free. Many Glasses charged 4s. and 6s. each for by retail opticians are not

one atom stronger than those we sell at 12s. 6d. Many persons prefer, however, to pay a high price, because they get the curious idea that if an article is expensive it must be good. We have sold Field Glasses for 20 years now, and our goods always give the utmost satisfaction. We also make a more powerful Glass still, having 12 Lenses, which carries a much greater distance, and has naturally a far greater strength, and is also fitted with sunshades. This Glass we offer for 22s. 6d., and no one, excepting in very special cases, would ever need a better instrument. As in the full season the demand is often greater than the supply, we shall be glad to receive orders at once. Illustrated Catalogue of Field Glasses and Telescopes, 1d.



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SELLING by thousands. The greatest success and the greatest wonder. A really practical Camera, that takes real photographs; with dry plates, English lens, three boxes of chemicals, dark slides, and full instructions. Carriage free, 1s. 3d. Every one guaranteed. These are not playthings.

The Superb Camera, larger size, with quantity of extra chemicals, 4s., 2s., free.

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STAND ALL CLIMATES. NEWEST AND MOST ELEGANT DESIGNS & SHAPES. To be had of all Respectable Drapers.

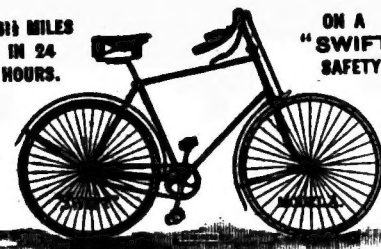
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UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF THE

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30 1/2 MILES IN 24 HOURS.



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PERFECTLY PURE AND WHOLESOME.

Be careful what you Eat! Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with Alum. Insist on having BORWICK'S, Which is the Best that Money can Buy.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Awarded 8 Prize Medals, Paris, 1859, and the Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890.

IRISH CAMBRIC Hemstitched:—Ladies', 2s. 11d. per doz. Gents', 2s. 11d. per doz. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1s. to 20s. each.

IRISH LINEN "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—COOPER CIRCULAR.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' and Children's three-fold, 2s. 6d. per doz. Gents' four-fold, 4s. 11d. per doz. SHIRTS, best quality Long Cloth, with four-fold Linen Front, 3s. 6d. per half dozen.

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Devona,

The most Delicious Sweetmeat. Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream. Sold in Penny Packets, by Grocers and Confectioners every where.

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DIRECT FROM THE MILL.

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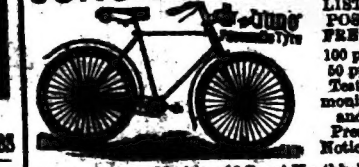
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Sold in Tins 6/1/- & 2/6

FOGGITT'S NEW "Americorn" REGISTERED PLASTER Removes CORNS and BURNINGS in three days without pain. Is tubular as silk, and takes up no room in the boot. In order to obtain the genuine, write direct to the Sole Proprietor, J. B. FOGGITT, Chemist, Southampton, who will send a Packet Post Free for 7 stamps, double size 12 stamps.

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Easy Terms any Machine, 12 Royal Monthly Payments. JUNO CYCLES, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



"ECLIPSE" CARPETS.

The Largest ever Sold at the Price. I will forward direct from the Rooms to any address, on receipt of amount. A GREATLY IMPROVED WATER-PROOF CARPET, suitable for sitting-room, Bedroom, etc., bordered with worsted in colours, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these Carpets and Rugs have already been almost double above price. A Rug, Carpet, or 6d. extra; Two Carpets and 1s. 6d.; or Four Carpets and 3s. 6d. Carriage Free. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All Orders despatched same day as received. MISTAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY. Cheques, etc., should be sent to F. HODGSON, Manufacturer, Imp. and Merchant, WOODLEY ROAD, LEI.

CONDY'S FLUID

Tired Feet. Burning Feet. Tender Feet. Perspiring Feet. Condy's Fluid has proved itself of service for purifying and washing the feet. Baron Justus von Liebig, the eminent chemist. The beneficial effects produced by using Condy's Remedial Fluid in the foot bath are remarkable. Three large Books, containing full Remedial, Disinfecting, and Veterinary directions, free by Post. CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 57, TURNMILL STREET, LONDON

...deserves another. If the paper pleases you, please its editor by handing it on to someone else, with a word of recommendation; there's a good fellow. N.B.—The last word is in this case of both genders.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 104.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JULY 16, 1892.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THREE FLOWERS.

BUTTERCUP, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three blooming in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O, thou child with the tangled hair
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering passing fair!"
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.
Buttercup gambolled all daylong,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams.
Playing and dreaming—that was all,
Till once the sleeper would not wake;
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake,
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot,
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.
Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would close.
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache, and the eyes that weep,
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not!

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

"WHEN I was fishing in the West Indies some fifteen years ago," said the man with the cigarette, "a whirlwind came along and carried off my vest that was hanging on a limb just over my head. It had my watch in it—and a tailor's account. Well, the whole outfit sailed out of sight in less than a minute.
"Seven years after a party of us were camped on the same river, only a hundred yards further up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log which caved in, and there lay my watch, with that same old tailor's bill twisted through the ring. It was still running.
"Oh, come off! You want us to ask how such a thing could be, and then you'll explain that the whirlwind wound your watch up so tight that it ran for seven years."
"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story-teller, as he lighted another bacillus exterminator. "I had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet, in fact."

HOW EARTHQUAKES HELP PLANT GROWTH.

Recent investigations by Signor Goiran in Italy have convinced him that earthquakes have a favourable effect on vegetation, causing grass to grow more luxuriantly in meadows and pastures, young plants to sprout more rapidly, and vineyards to show, by the deepened colour of the leaves, the effects of a more vigorous growth.
This seems on the face of it a most singular conclusion, but Signor Goiran backs it up with reasons that, at any rate, are plausible. In the first place he says there is an increased production of carbon dioxide at the surface of the earth as the result of an earthquake, and carbon dioxide is the natural food of plants.
In support of this argument the fact might be recalled that in all volcanic disturbances there is more or less carbonic acid discharged into the air from the interior of the earth.
As additional reasons, Signor Goiran suggests that the shock of the earthquake might cause a diffusion of nutrient fluids through the soil, and that it may be accompanied by an increased production of electricity.
The significance of this last statement lies in the fact that recent experiments have shown that electricity in the soil plays an unexpectedly important part in the germination of seeds and the growth of plants.

GENERAL REVOLT AGAINST HUSBANDS.

AN extraordinary event took place some days ago at Kasan, Russia. The ladies of that town held a public demonstration in order to compel their husbands and other male relatives to grant them admission to their clubs, where gambling is carried on.
These ladies have firmly resolved not to stay alone in the house any longer while their husbands are paying their respects to the Queen of Spades. The demonstration has turned out a complete success. For a week past the ladies of Kasan have been admitted to the clubs which their husbands attend. They even bring their babies with them.

NOW OR NEVER.

THERE is hardly anything so bad that a wise person cannot get some good out of it. Indeed, it is one of the principal marks of a philosopher that he reaps an advantage even from misfortune.
A little girl had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill with pneumonia. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mamma how very much she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask grandpa to buy her one.
Mamma answered that grandpa did not like dogs, and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said:—"Wait till you get well, my dear; then we will see."
"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her a little wisdom, "the iller I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."

ABOUT IRISH MOSS.

AMONG the many useful things which absolute privation has been the means of making known to the world is carrageen, or Irish moss. The virtues of this seaweed, now so largely used as a basis for mucilaginous drinks and cough emulsions, were for many years known only to the very poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish coast, who were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger. Finding that when boiled it produced a thick, nourishing, and not unpalatable jelly, they for a long time used it as food before becoming gradually aware of its beneficial effects in diseases of the throat and lungs.
After a time this discovery led to its medicinal use in other and richer lands. Boiled with milk, or even with water, and carefully strained, it forms a most nutritious and soothing diet for invalids, especially for those who suffer from complaints which are attended with great irritability of the mucous membrane lining stomach and intestines.
The jelly may be sweetened or flavoured in various ways, fruit juices, either canned or in a natural state, and coffee or chocolate, prepared as for the table, being preferable to any of the flavouring extracts, both for taste and healthfulness. For invalids it is always best to use the least amount of sugar which will make it palatable.

THE COURTSHIP CLOCK.

THIS clock is an American invention, but it has not been put into use in families to the extent that might be suspected. It is described as a compense-retarding-accelerating clock, for use in families where unmarried daughters are kept in stock and the supply exceeds the demand. If the young man is of an eligible sort the retarding attachment is put on, the clock compounds with old time at eighty minutes to an hour, and the young woman is justified in telling the young man reaching for his hat, "It is early yet."
If the suitor is undesirable the accelerating device is applied, and at half-past nine the clock marks two in the morning, and the prudent damsel is justified in dismissing her unwelcome visitor. The lovers' alarm clock is another device of a similar character that deserves notice. This invention is contained in a clock which, as the hour of ten is struck, throws open two doors, exposing to view a little man in a night-shirt and slippers, who holds in his hand a card with the significant inscription, "Good night," which is guaranteed never to fail in producing the desired effect on the ladies as girls.

PROFESSOR (a little distracted): "I'm very glad to see you. How's your wife?"
"I regret it, Professor, but I'm not married."
"Ah, yes; then, of course, your wife's still single!"

LAST summer orders from the War Office were received at Allagobad to take precautions against cholera, and were communicated to the sergeant by the adjutant. The latter whilst out riding next morning found the sergeant putting his men through the funeral drill.

GRANDMAMMA had been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth towards itself, while the latter always keeps its distance.
"Grandma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while and let it go."

'Twas only a golden trinket,
That lay in a corner lay,
But it fell from the breast of the maid I love best,
Whom I worship by night and day;
And I seized it with trembling fingers—
For to me 'twas a precious thing—
And at one of the stalls with the sign of three balls
I popped it for what it would bring.

AN old woman of the name of Gordon, in the north of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little grandchild. When the little girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but dinna ye see the Gordons, too?"

READINGS were got up for a charitable cause by a well-meaning curate, who opened the proceedings himself with a prose piece of a moral and didactic nature. To nervousness and a fatal habit of misplacing initial letters must, no doubt, be attributed his mishaps, the worst of which was when, with levelled forefinger and desperate earnestness, he shouted, "See you man upon the bisny drink?" At this climax the unrestrained audience overwhelmed the reader.

A BORDER farmer, whose practical mind soared above a taste for things beautiful, had the good or bad fortune to marry a wife who brought with her a wooden substitute for one of her nether limbs. On being remonstrated with on the exercise of his choice, John answered his questioner in a manner that showed he had the shrewd utilitarian character of a Scotman.
"Heck, sir," says he, "it's maybe no' a verra bonnie thing to marry a woman wi' a wooden leg; but, man, she'll be awfu' usefu' at settin' time, when I'm puttin' doon my cabbages, neeps, and tatties. She can gang on in front an' mak' a hole wi' her stump, while I come ahint an' put in the seed."

CAN YOU SPELL?

We are setting aside weekly 80 half-crowns (£40 sterling), and shall forward one of these to the first reader who points out a spelling mistake in *Pearson's Weekly*, and to every twentieth afterwards until the eighty half-crowns have been disposed of. This plan is adopted in order that readers resident in all parts of the country may have an equal chance of obtaining one of the prizes.
Any spelling mistake in any part of the paper—reading matter or advertisements—will count. Attempts to gain these prizes should be sent with the envelopes marked *SPELLING*. No reader may send more than one attempt. Dropped letters will not count.
Many readers have asked whether they may have pencil-cases instead of half-crowns if they win. This will cost us more, but we shall be glad to do it for those who like. Competitors who want pencil-cases should write *PENCIL-CASE* below their attempt.

gaining a pencil-case each are —
E. Roberts, 7 Vesta-rd, Brookley, S.E.; **Mrs F. Elount**, Appleton Villas,
 Newark; **Mrs. Hutson**, 60 Brookhill-rd, Woolwich; **R. Howard**, 6 Deane-
 rd, Bolton, Lancs; **W. Brand**, The College, Beccles; **W. F. Marsh**, Albion-
 st, Newmarket; **A. J. Pious**, jun., 13 Milton Place, Gravesend; **Mrs B.**
Plater, 24 Stopped-rd, Upton Manor, Plinston, Essex; **S. E. Searle**, 28 T.
 John's South, Winchester; **Miss Q. C. Veto**, 64 Bedford, Chelmsford;
Joe Barata, 47 Hagby-rd, Leeds; **Sidney Banning**, 53 Highbury-cres, W.;
Highbury, N.; **A. South**, 4 Duke's-rd, Southampton; **G. Stanley**, 1
 Deaconsfield-rd, Hestfield; **E. H. Burr**, Woodlands, Friern-lane, New
 Southgate; **Miss Wilkins**, Swards-end, Saffron Walden; **J. Farrar**,
 Marlborough-ter, Manthamham, Bradford, Yorks; **J. C. Schofield**, 5
 Bridge-st, Milnrow; **Miss Amy Edwards**, 79 Barrett's Grove, Stoke
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 Marine-ter, Aberystwith; **J. Phillips**, G.N.R. Station, St. Albans.

A HUMOROUS SNAKE.

MARIANNE NORTH had a tame snake, which deserves a remembrance as a being fond of a joke. Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore round her head, and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner-party of rather stiff people.

But one of the snake's own eccentricities served to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets. It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table, it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until it was pleased to untie itself again.

A VILLAGE OF SMITHS.

NEAR Tripolis, Asiatic Turkey, is a village called Amrus, the like of which is not to be found in any other part of the world. The place is inhabited exclusively by Jews, all of whom, from the shammas to the parnas and the Rabbi, exercise the calling of smith.

From early morning till the last thing at night they are hard at work, and when their toil is over all repair to the synagogue, where the evening prayers are recited. The aged members of the community also take part in the daily work, but, no longer able to handle the hammer, they occupy themselves by blowing the bellows.

The majority of these people are armourers, who supply the Arabs with their yataghans, swords, and other weapons indispensable to the sons of the desert, who are too indolent to make for themselves. The weapons manufactured by the Jewish armourers are exported as far as the borders of the Nigor, where they are in great demand. The Jews living in Amrus settled themselves there shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple, at the time when the Romans still held sway in Northern Africa.

COLD COMFORT.

Two brothers from the Emerald Isle purchased a piece of land, and went to work to clear it. They cut down the large growth, burnt down the underbush, and then began to contrive how to get the fallen trunks in a pile for the purpose of burning them also. The land lay upon a hill side, and they concluded that if they could roll a large log which lay near the summit and place it about half way down they might pile the rest against it.

But how to prevent the log when once under way from rolling to the bottom puzzled them. Getting a rope, they made one end fast to the log, one brother holding the other end, while the other started it. Fearing he might not be able to stop the rope from slipping through his fingers Jimmy tied it to his body.

"Start him aisy, Phelim," said he, convinced all was tight and safe.

Phelim did start it, and as the log commenced to roll the rope caught in the projecting knot, and began rapidly to wind up. It soon drew poor Jimmy tight up. First he went over the log, and then the log went over him, and so they continued their circumgyrations and somersaults.

Phelim watched the progress for a moment, and then sang out:—

"Stick to him, Jimmy! Faith you're a match for him any way; you're atop half the time."

THE ORIGIN OF VOLAPUK.

On the 18th of July, 1831, in Ober Landa, Baden, was born a boy who was baptised John Martin Schleyer. Early in life he was impressed with the importance to mankind of a common language. The thought of the desirability of such a language was followed by a determination to produce it.

By occupation a clergyman, his training had been intellectual, and his predilections were in the direction of language study. Quick perception, retentive memory, and untiring industry enabled him to master, during thirty years of study, the grammatical structure of over fifty languages and dialects.

The mass of material brought together by Schleyer became unwieldy and irreducible. In part it was chaotic. The pieces were there, but they were the pieces of a puzzle. The heterogeneous parts were so numerous that selection from them to form a comogeneous whole caused a wearisome work, ending in frequent and ever-changing confusion.

One night—a night memorable enough to warrant record of the date, March 21st, 1879—this patient student retired for sleep. That sleep knew a vision. Before him, in orderly array, stood the necessary characters, forms, and processes out of the bewildering assemblage of the fifty languages which had confused his waking thoughts. The vision ended; he rose from his bed, found light, and paper and pen, and recorded on a single sheet of note paper his language, which to-day is substantially what was revealed to Schleyer on that night of vision. Such was the man, and such was the origin of Volapuk.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

A NATURALIST, who is both an ardent student in his branch of science and absent-minded to a degree which keeps his family on the alert, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Many guests were invited for the occasion, and the house was made ready for the reception of the company.

Just as the first guest arrived one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who had not come from his study. Care had been taken that he should be reminded to dress in time, so he was all ready, and at the summons of the daughter he came to the drawing-room.

When they reached the room the daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his hands and knees in an attempt to gather up something.

"Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked. "Spilled anything!" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone. "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!"

The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over; and the only thing that the naturalist said to his friends in answer to their congratulations upon his happy married life, so his daughters declared after all was over, was to ask that if they carried away any of his Egyptian fleas they would return the insects to him.

HOW YOUR HEIGHT VARIES.

A PERSON is taller in the morning than at night. The reason is that he is pressed down during the day by the weight of the atmosphere and by the pressure of the upper parts of his body and such burdens as he may carry. These weights press down the cartilages at the joints, and especially those in the spinal column, so that the height of the man is reduced. When the weights are removed and he lies down at night the cartilages act like cushions, and gradually return to their original size.

M. Robert reports measurements of two hundred and eighty-seven persons, showing a difference in height between morning and night measurements of one-fifth to four-fifths of an inch. This fact is well understood among French conscripts, and M. Paul Tophord reports that some of those who are just upon or very slightly above the minimum limit as to height walk about with heavy weights upon their shoulders for several days and during the night immediately preceding the final measurement, in order to reduce their height.

This practice has been so successful that in some extreme cases, according to the same authority, the height of a man has been reduced by it more than an inch. As men advance in age the cartilages do not fully recover during the night from the effects of the day's compression. The result of this is that men are commonly not so tall at an advanced age as in middle life. Extreme cases of this, reported by M. Tenon, are of a man who had lost one-and-a-half inches at the age of seventy, and another who had lost one and nine-tenth inches at the age of eighty-five.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE IN FINANCIAL BUSINESS.

THE five-year-old son and heir of a City light recently received his first instruction in the art of financiering. He was given a toy bank and was advised to put in it all the pennies which admiring friends might bestow upon him.

"But what good will that do?" the youngster inquired. "If all my pennies are in the bank I can't use them."

"Oh, yes, you can," replied paterfamilias. "Whenever you get enough pennies you may spend them on sweets."

"How long will it take?" "I don't know. That depends somewhat upon yourself. If you are saving you ought to be able to lay up quite a considerable sum in a short time. But you must keep your eyes open and not miss an opportunity to get a penny whenever you can."

"And as soon as I get enough I may buy sweets with 'em?"

"Yes, my son."

The next day when the fond father returned home he was surprised to see his young hopeful gorging himself with toffee.

"Johnnie, come here. Where did you get that toffee?" he inquired.

"Bought it," sententiously replied the youngster.

"Bought it! How did you buy it?"

"Bought it at the sweet-shop."

"But how did you pay for it?"

"Buy it with pennies."

"But who gave you the pennies?"

"Nobody. You told me to keep my eyes open and get all the pennies I could, and—oh! pa—there was a blind man at the corner who had a whole cupful, and I got 'em just as easy as could be."

HAY-FEVER AND ITS CURE.

HAY-FEVER is a nervous affection so closely analogous to asthma that it has sometimes been called "hay-asthma."

Many doctors consider it so hopeless of cure that they counsel the sufferers to go to the seaside, take a trip on a yacht, or bury themselves in a densely-populated town, so as to remove themselves from the exciting causes. Dust, draughts, the smell of hay, grass, the pollen of flowers, or even the odour of fruit will excite an attack in persons disposed to the complaint; and these have mostly no comfort but the assurance that the disease is not fatal, and that in England rain and bad weather, which bring with them immunity, are never for long strangers to us.

One of the best remedies is tobacco-smoking, the smoke being retained in the mouth as long as possible and ejected through the nose. In some cases great benefit is said to have been derived from taking ten drops of tincture of nux-vomica in half a tumblerful of water.

Another vaunted remedy is from three to five drops of arsenic solution—"liquor arsenicalis" of the Pharmacopoeia—in a little water three times a day after meals. During a paroxysm, ten drops of simple tincture of lobelia is often given in water every quarter of an hour. The inhalation of the steam of ten drops of creosote in a pint of hot water is said to be good, or twenty drops of spirits of camphor may be added to the same quantity of water to make an inhalation. General tonic measures and nourishing diet are always advisable.

A doctor recommends inhalation of the vapour of camphor and steam, the vapour being made to come in contact with the outer surface of the face, surrounding the nose by means of a paper cone placed with the narrow end downward in a vessel containing hot water and a drachm of coarsely-powdered or shredded camphor. If this is continued for ten or twenty minutes at a time, and repeated three or four times in as many hours, a cure is usually effected.

THE School of Philosophy has not yet determined how a woman should act when her hands are in the dough-pan and an aggressive fly alights on her nose.

A CHILD, fresh from a first experience at church, and from listening to the story of the widow's mite, startled her parents at dinner by demanding:

"Don't you think it was very cruel of that woman to throw her two little babies into the treasury?"

She had never heard the word mite applied except to a baby.

"MAY I have the honour of taking your daughter in to supper?" asked a polite young man of a lady at the cricket-club ball.

"May you take her in to supper?" echoed the dame, "I should think you may just; and me too. That's what we came for."

He didn't follow it up any farther.

EDITOR (to new reporter): "You say this man was blown up by a can of nitro-glycerine, but you don't state whether he is dead or alive."

New Reporter: "I waited four or five hours, but couldn't learn it."

Editor: "Why couldn't you learn it?"

New Reporter: "Because he hadn't come down when I left!"

"What time is it, Gruff?"

"Time you should pay me back that shilling you borrowed from me a year ago."

"Did I never pay you that shilling?"

"You never did."

"Well, isn't it strange how a little thing like that will escape one's memory?"

"It never escaped my memory."

"So I see. A good memory is a great blessing. Now, we'll let that run on a bit just to see if I can't think of it myself about this time next year. I'm determined to break myself of such forgetfulness. It's annoying. Good day, Gruff."

"Look here," exclaimed Brown, entering the office of his architect, "you have made a nice mess of my house, haven't you?"

"Why, what's the matter?" replied the architect.

"Matter!" returned Brown; "why, the staircase is so crooked that I can't get my furniture upstairs, and there isn't a window in the dining-room that you can look out of without using a step-ladder."

"Well, what of that? Doesn't your house look well from the road?"

"It looks well enough, but, confound it, what does that amount to?"

"Everything—my dear sir—everything. I understand my business, I believe; I am an architect. If you wanted a house that was only comfortable and convenient, why on earth didn't you get a carpenter to draw the plans? Brown, I'm afraid you don't appreciate high art."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

983. Which Metal is most largely used in Medicine?

The metal most largely used in medicine is not, as most people suppose, iron, but magnesium, and for every drachm of iron or mercury used, this metal is taken by the pound. This may be easily understood when it is pointed out that not only are its compounds, or salts, taken in larger doses than those of any other metal, but they are more generally known, and their use more frequently prescribed. To enumerate a few of the most favourite forms in which this metal is absorbed, we have foremost on the list Epsom salts, which is a sulphate of magnesium; carbonate and calcined magnesia; Gregory's Powder; black-draught, etc. Every mineral water contains it, and it enters largely into several of the pharmacopoeial compounds. On the other hand, the metals which are most variously employed in medicine are iron—about sixty preparations—potassium, forty-nine, and mercury, thirty-five.

984. Which Accidental Discovery has resulted in the Greatest Benefit to Mankind?

All things considered, this honour should be divided between glass, to which tradition ascribes an accidental discovery by some Phœnician merchants who lit fires on the sand and found a hard lump of the then unknown material among the ashes; the telescope, which was the result of an accidental arrangement of some concave and convex glasses with which the children of an optician of Middelburg in Holland were playing at the end of the sixteenth century; and chloroform, the anæsthetic properties of which were discovered during some random experiments made by Dr. Simpson and some of his friends who were seeking a substitute for ether. Each of these discoveries in their respective spheres of utility have proved to be of incalculable benefit to mankind, and therefore the distinction may be fairly divided between them.

991. Is it True that the Pupil of the Eye Dilates when we think of the Future and Contracts when we think of the Past?

As a general rule, given good health and a moderate light, there is this relation between our thoughts and the condition of our pupils, and the reason is that thought of the future being necessarily of a speculative and uncertain nature, and the future being something still ahead of us, our eyes naturally assume the position which they take on looking at an object in the far distance, and this position of the eyes is always associated with action of the radiating fibres of the iris which causes dilatation of the pupil. On the other hand thoughts of the past, the records of which are written on our brain, is more a matter of memory, and induces an introspective attitude of mind, and, under its influence, the eyes, converging towards each other, are inclined downward as when one looks closely at a near object, and this convergence of the eyes is always associated with drooping of the upper lid and contraction of the circular fibres of the iris which causes contraction of the pupil. Persons somewhat lacking in power of concentration, do not place their eyes in the above-mentioned positions in relation to their thoughts, and for them, of course, the answer to the question will be in the negative.

992. Which of our Senses could be Best Spared?

Undoubtedly the sense of smell, as is indicated by the meagreness of the human olfactory apparatus when compared with that of many lower animals, and as proved by the slight discomfort which men suffer who have lost this sense, from disease of the olfactory membrane, in comparison with the calamities attending the loss of the senses of touch, taste, sight, or hearing. When this sense is lost from disease there is usually concomitant discom-

fort independently of the loss of smell, but in the rare case of entire absence from birth of the olfactory lobes the discomfort is so slight that the subject may even require to be convinced that he is not as other men are. Some authorities aver that man is gradually losing the sense of smell, but, if true, this would scarcely be a subject for rejoicing as much of the so-called "taste" of odoriferous substances, such as onion, wines, etc., is really a nasal perception and would be lost with it, and though all smells are not pleasant yet the sense of smell in addition to being often pleasurable, is at times a useful danger signal.

993. Why are the Inhabitants of Mountainous Countries as a rule Possessed of more Moral Fibre than those of Flat Countries?

In the first place, on the physical side, they have the advantages of purer air and exercise which conduces to that form of exertion which specially develops the respiratory faculties. This in its turn conduces to perfect aëration of the blood, and pure blood means strong, healthy nerves, serene temper, and buoyant spirits. On the moral side they are constantly face to face with nature in her grandest aspects, and it is impossible that this association can have anything but an elevating effect. Then, again, their surroundings compel them to live by hard and pretty constant toil, which leaves but little time or inclination for the scheming and swindling which the more crowded populations and keener competition of the lowlands necessitate. Lastly, they are not enervated by that multiplication of petty conveniences which in the great lowland centres of civilisation impair individuality by rendering the individual more and more dependent on the fruits of the labours of others for the little comforts which a luxurious habit soon makes essential to his happiness.

994. What Forces Enable a Bicyclist to Preserve his Equilibrium on Only Two Points of Support?

The First Law of Motion states that a moving body tends to keep on in the same straight line, and a body that rests on two points of support will stand upright as long as its centre of gravity is exactly above the line which joins them. Now, the bicycle is a moving body resting on two points of support and endowed with two hostile tendencies—one to move in a straight line, and the other to lie down. Thus when the practised rider feels that the centre of gravity has crossed the base-line he turns his front wheel instinctively to the side on which it is, and brings the two tendencies into direct opposition. The mass of the machine moving in a straight line is suddenly thrown into a curvilinear path, and the centrifugal force thus developed causes that portion of the mass which is above the centre of gravity to fly off at a tangent, and so throw the centre of gravity over to the opposite side of the base-line. Of course the skilled rider performs these operations in a very small scale. The greater his skill the shorter the divergence of the centre of gravity to either side of the base-line, and the more perfect the obedience of the machine to the First Law of Motion.

995. Which Form of Death is most Instantaneous?

The most instantaneous form of death is that by lightning, or electricity. Death proceeding from other causes, though it may follow those causes with varying celerity, is not immediate. A gun-shot wound through the largest artery, or the severance of the largest blood-vessel in the body, is followed speedily by death, but many seconds must elapse before death ensues, as a certain quantity of blood must escape before the heart's action is arrested. Hanging, however skilfully done, does not kill at once; blood circulation, muscular action, and consequently life, gradually die out. Suffocation does not produce instantaneous death, as has been proved by the restoration of many, even after prolonged immersion in water. Poisons take various times to operate, but they are none of them immediate. Electricity alone, properly applied, produces death at once. The blood ceases to circulate through heart or brain, the whole nervous system is paralysed, and vitality destroyed simultaneously with the shock.

996. Is it true that the Port of Southampton has Four High Tides Daily? If so, what is the reason?

It is true that at Southampton there is a double high water, the second occurring within two hours of the first. The fall in the interval does not amount to more than nine inches, although the rise and fall between high and low water is thirteen feet. The main features of this peculiarity are thus explained: The inshore eastern or flood stream runs past the Needles, and makes high water at Southampton in the usual manner. The tide then falls a little with the last of the stream, but when it turns to the westward inshore, a great body of the water guided by the shape of the land, unites with the last of the outside eastern stream still flowing round the south-eastern part of the island, and both run into the back of the Wight, by way of Spithead. Now the outlet for it between Hurst point and the Needles being much smaller than the eastern channel by which it entered, the returning water gets pent up, and in consequence there is a general rise in the Solent. At Calshot Castle the tide is a general rise in the Solent. At Calshot Castle the tide forks—one part branching out by the Needles, and the other flowing up Southampton water, which lies open like a trap in the direct course of the main current, and so causes a second high water. This is succeeded by a uniform but rapid fall, lasting about three and a-half hours. Christchurch, Poole, Weymouth, and the Firth of Forth may be mentioned as places where this singular phenomenon has been observed.

997. What is the Evidence to Prove that we Really See Objects Upside Down?

There is none at all. We do not "see" with our eyes in the sense of forming a judgment as to whether an object is upside down or not. That is the function of the mind, and how it is performed is an unsolved mystery. All we really know is this—the rays of light from the top and bottom of an object cross each other in passing through the crystalline lens of an eye, and fall respectively on the bottom and top of the retina which is supposed to receive the "image." Thus at first sight it would seem that an inverted "image" is cast upon the receiving network of the eye. But that image is not the picture that we really see, for between it and the perceiving brain there is nothing save the bundle of sensory fibres which form the optic nerve, and which are insensible to light. In these there can manifestly be no sense of up or down, right or left. The fact is that distance, direction, and position are the results, not of physical impressions, but of mental judgments based upon a long train of experiences, derived not only from sight, but also from touch and the "sense of muscularity." The consistency of these experiences, and the practical infallibility of the judgments based upon them, irresistibly convince us that we really do see objects as they actually are, but how that which is perceived is photographed on the perceiving brain is a puzzle to which there is so far no answer.

1000. What Causes have Conduced to the Commercial Supremacy of London among the Cities of the World?

London owes her commercial supremacy in a large measure to her admirable position in the centre of the hemisphere of land surface of the globe, and her consequent comparative proximity to the other leading centres of production and exchange. When the Mediterranean Sea was the centre of the known world, the nations, and cities—Tyre, Corinth, Venice, etc.—on its shores were the leading commercial communities. But now that the whole habitable globe has been discovered, and settlements planted in most of the available regions, the centre of commercial activity has changed to the middle of the land hemisphere. Its supremacy has been attained also by the fact of its being the converging point of all the chief railways of a country whose material resources are most favourable to manufacturing industry, and whose population—energetic, daring, and thrifty—enjoy a government which secures to each the fruits of his skill and labour, and thus encourages the introduction and employment of capital, stimulates the spirit of invention, and permits that liberty of action which is necessary for the exercise of the full powers of body and mind.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1021. When was the present evil of urban over-crowding exactly reversed in this country?
1022. Is it true that modern progress is five hundred years behind the times?
1023. Will the modern long-range weapons protract or shorten battles?
1024. Is there any flower whose perfume is fatal to life?
1025. What is the difference between nervousness and cowardice?
1026. Which English trade gives most work to the bankruptcy court?
1027. Are both sides of the face alike?
1028. Where has the greatest alteration of climate been produced by artificial means?
1029. What would be the best measures to take in order to induce rooks to build in a strange locality?
1030. What is the difference between a quicksand and ordinary wet sand?

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Which is the happiest life
That a man can lead on earth—
A life of peace or a life of strife,
Lived alone or with barns and wife,
Or a life cut short at birth?

Is it better to live in country or town,
Mid quiet or endless noise,
With a load of anxiety weighing you down,
While the hand of Care knits your brows in a frown,
And your leisure is passed in the studies called brown,
Which the misanthrope so much enjoys?

Or is it better to pass your days
In slow, eventless toil,
Knowing nought of the fires that blaze
In hot Ambition's heart, or the crase
That leads men out of honesty's ways
For a little golden spoil?

Or would you rather dwell by the shore
Of some coral-fringed lagoon
And be lulled to sleep each night by the roar
Of the reef o'er which the billows pour
Their endless floods for evermore
To the same unvaried tune?

Or would you live in a crowded street
Of a busy, bustling town,
Where the roll of wheels and the patter of feet
From morning till night your ears will greet,
And the Stream of Life rolls turgid and fleet
On its way to the Death-Sea down?

Well, take your choice—if choose you can,
Yet still will Fate choose for you.
You have your place in the Army of Man,
A place in rear or centre or van,
And you must march through your life's brief span
Till those behind march o'er you!

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

"How does it feel to be shot in battle?" said an old pensioner, in reply to a question. "Well, you see, it's hard to describe. I was badly hit at Inkermann, and it was something like this. When we first went into the battle there was a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there.

"The cracks of the rifles and the whis of the bullets increased in rapidity. 'Charge,' came the long-expected order, and with a cheer we rushed across the field towards the enemy. Bullets fairly rained upon us. A man fell in the front rank. 'Close in,' yelled the captain. I took his place.

"Another moment and I felt a dizzy numbness creeping over me, almost like a man helplessly drunk; I sank gradually to the ground. The roar still rang in my ears but sounded as though miles off. It became dark slowly, then all was a blank.

"When I regained consciousness I heard moans and groans all about me. It seemed a month before anyone came to me. I felt as though I was burning up. How I craved a drink of water.

"At last some chaps came, pulled a dead man from off my legs, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there a month. When I left there this arm was gone," and the old veteran shook his head as he pointed to the empty sleeve and pulled violently at his brierwood.

THE RISE AND FALL OF GAMES.

GAMES have their dawn, their meridian, their decline; and though the life of some of them is longer than that of others, time at length sweeps them away, in order to make room for a younger successor.

Can anyone say why, thirty years ago, in every country house and rural parsonage in England, people suddenly became frantically enamoured of croquet, and why the mania for it swiftly spread through the land, like influenza or any other prevailing infection?

People who had previously lived very happily without mallets, balls, and hoops, all at once found life not to be worth living unless they had a croquet-lawn, and spent a goodly portion of every summer day in irritating themselves and their adversaries by a long, chequered, and uncertain struggle for mastery over a prescribed stretch of ground.

The felicity of a country side depended on the number of croquet parties that could be organised; and superior skill in the game made a person a conspicuous figure in a populous neighbourhood.

"How long will it last?" asked the cynics, and the enthusiasts replied—

"Always."

It seemed inconceivable to them that this addition to the sum of human happiness should ever be surrendered or become obsolete. But within the space of a few years there ran through the land a rumour that there was a new game called Sphairistike. The croquet players laughed it to scorn, and for a time the laugh remained on their side. But when the despised invention developed into lawn-tennis, then croquet had to confess itself overcome, and to be as much a thing of the past as minuets, pouncet-boxes, and swoons.

For a time the mallets and balls were allowed to occupy their accustomed place in the hall, the arbour, or

the school-room. But as time wore on, and the racquet became the supreme instrument of the hour, they were sent to the lumber room or some remote outhouse, where dust and cobwebs and mildew were allowed to gather on their once sacred forms.

A like fate has not yet overtaken lawn-tennis, which, it must be confessed, has maintained, and still maintains, its ground with uncommon tenacity. But it is no longer regarded with the fervour it once inspired; and we can hardly doubt that the human mind is at present prepared to accept a substitute and successor, provided one arrives with proper credentials.

In fact, it is with games as with other pursuits. They are killed by their success. As soon as perfection is attained in them, one of the chief pillars of their existence is removed. We suppose that skill in lawn-tennis can no further go; and, perhaps, the best way of perpetuating its popularity for a longer period would be to introduce into it some substantial modification, by which it would virtually become a new game.

The same cause that has compelled or induced Englishmen to alter and modify their constitution compels them to alter and modify their games. We grow tired of leaving them alone. We revolutionise them; and then, naturally enough, we exult over and glorify the revelation, since it is the work of our own hands, and the fruit of our own restlessness and craving for change.

A GLADSTONE COLLAR.

To be able to make a joke well is a delightful gift; to be able to take one well is hardly less desirable. Mr. Harry Furniss relates a little incident which shows that Mr. Gladstone can do both.

The "Grand Old Man," it is well known, has a rather long neck, and habitually wears a collar of the kind which has been given his name—a collar snowy, immaculate, extensive, and characteristic.

Mr. Furniss, in the innumerable clever caricatures of the great statesman with which he has enlivened the pages of PUNCH, has never failed to make the most of this article of apparel, widening the band, accentuating the points, and experimenting with all the ridiculous effects of which it is capable.

Sometimes he sketches a collar of such vast proportions that the merest glimpse of the head within it is visible, yet manages so artistically that that glimpse—be it an eye, and the bridge of a nose, a ear, and an eyebrow, or only the outline of the top of the head—is yet unmistakably Gladstonian.

At a dinner party a little time ago, it was known that Mr. Gladstone and Harry Furniss were both to be guests, and there was some speculation as to how he and Mr. Furniss would enjoy meeting.

Mr. Gladstone proved equal to the occasion. He came, and hardly was he seated at the table when the company became aware of a change in his familiar personality. A second look revealed its nature. Mr. Furniss stared; somebody tittered. There was a smile, a ripple, and then a roar of laughter.

Mr. Gladstone had on the smallest, slenderest, and most inconspicuous of narrow, turn-down collars, assumed for that occasion only, and was quietly enjoying the artist's discomfiture.

CURIOUS COLOURS.

It is interesting to glance back a moment at the days of our grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers, and observe the colours in which fashionable ladies then attired themselves. "Puce," which was for a long time an exceedingly popular hue, is, when translated from the French, simply "flea."

The discovery of a flea at a court festivity in France, and the subsequent capture of the uninvited guest, gave rise to a number of jokes and anecdotes, and a new colour was jocularly named in the insect's favour.

Indeed, there was an extensive group of flea shades—old flea, young flea, flea's foot, lively flea, and others. Puce, which was a kind of drab, is still familiar to the reading public through its frequent mention in literature, drama, and the letters of noted personages in the past.

But who knows anything of the following colours, each of which was a favourite in its day, and as familiar to the speech of fashionable dames and gallants as are *réseda*, *olive*, and *heliotrope* in the parlance of our own time? Here is the list:—

Marathon blue, drooping poppy, green of the Oreads, triumph of Aspasia, robe of Venice, bridal blush, canary's tail, merry hunter, flying chaff, dolphin about to die, thunder cloud, innocent infant, caterpillar brown, fading hope, Cinderella russet, smoke of Vesuvius, penitent hermit, dissolving pearl, Cupid's feather, captain's glory, beautiful savage, ambushed wild beast, rose of Eden, faithful shepherd, weary traveller's shoe, agitated nymph, and dream-of-the-beloved-one pink.

These fantastic names mean nothing to us now. But beauty is beauty no matter in what year it flourishes, and a pretty girl in the old times was no doubt as charming to behold as a pretty girl of to-day, even though she might have been arrayed in a lively-flea gown trimmed with agitated nymph puffings and ribbons of caterpillar brown and have shaded her bright eyes under the brim of a huge bridal-blush bonnet crowned with a nodding cluster of captain's glory-coloured feathers.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

WHAT "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" SAYS OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.

COME now! who can afford ninepence any day in the week between now and the end of September to send a weary little London child into a delightful glade of Epping Forest, there to enjoy a downright regular holiday, to roll on the grass, to sing and shout and cheer, to enjoy for dinner a monster meat pie, to be refreshed with the best of Keese milk and water, to have a tea-supper of bread and butter and cake and jam, and to come home before the night grows chilly, with a bronzed face and an arm full of buttercups? It is a wonderful feat of organisation, but I tell you that for ninepence, all told, any man, woman, or child can purchase the joy of a ragged urchin.

We can all of us surely spare ninepence to make one little heart rejoice. But think what you can do with a cheque made out for £8 2s. For this exorbitant expenditure you can have a day's outing and a children's pleasure party all to yourself. You can select your 200 youngsters from any given district in London, irrespective of creed or race, and thanks to the enterprise of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, Temple Chambers, E.C., this wonderful result has been obtained—that ninepence will give one London child a day's fresh air, and less than a ten pound note will give delight to a little regiment of urchins who have never seen a tree or field, and to countless cripples who are thus allowed to live one day of pleasure out of their brief lives.

But let me tell my story in my own fashion. We alighted one lovely June morning at Snarebrook Station, on the excellent Great Eastern line. All the trees were in full leaf, the gardens perfumed with roses. It was a day to make anyone happy, and sunshine poured its best benediction on the Fresh Air Fund. A short walk skirting the Infant Orphan Asylum, fitting shadow land for such a beautiful enterprise, brought us to a lovely glade. Londoners of the West do not know half enough of Epping Forest, secured to the people for evermore by the liberal action of the Corporation of the City of London.

In five minutes all signs of civilisation were blotted out. We crossed the turf from the roadway, and suddenly we were in the very heart of the forest; under may-trees and bramble-bushes; leaping over water-courses inhabited by frogs; in and out of woods beautiful with wild flowers, and with the true scent of the country all around us. Suddenly, in this romantic glade only a few miles from London, but one that might have been in Ardennes with philosophic Jacques, love-lorn Orlando, and heavenly Rosalind, we saw a little army approaching us. They had come out to welcome the founder of the feast. Children love processions. They like to bear banners, and to wave flags, and to go marching along.

What they liked best was shouting. On the smallest provocation they cheered. They cheered for Mr. Pearson; they cheered for Mr. Kirk; they cheered for the sunshine and the fresh air; they cheered for the very delight of life, which to them was indeed a rare experience.

Dinner over, and the meat pies, price 2½d. each—and I assure you it is a pie as large as a fruit-tart—disposed of, we repair, as the stage directions say, to "another part of the forest." The children refuse to leave their flags or banners behind. They still insist upon marching, and it is as well they do, for Mr. Boyer's whistle and influence would scarcely restrain these madcaps if they rushed off on a wild chase, and got lost in the massy tangle of trees and greenery. One of the prettiest sights of the day is when a particularly romantic glade is chosen, and in the full sunshine these poor children are arranged in circle sprawling on the grass, whilst some kind friend sings them a song, or tells them a story, or plays to them on the zither or mandoline.

Kind-hearted Mr. J. L. Toole has already paid a visit to Snarebrook with his pockets full of toys, made of course by Caleb Plummer. He has given scrambles for threepenny bits, started races and sung "Bob Simmons' Courtship," with the whistling refrain, and as the cheery barber says in the play, "next please!" Music of any kind makes the children sit quiet as mice. It brings the boys back from the frog-ponds and the girls from the buttercups, and cripples as well as the sound sit enchanted.

And so the one day's happiness in the long year for these 200 children sinks and disappears with the setting sun. All the assistance has been purely voluntary on the part of these generous men and women who have the children's interest at heart. Organisation has not cost one farthing.

The "nimble ninepence" that any day during the glorious summer will send a London child to the recesses of an old forest for a whole day's pleasuring only covers tram fare, meat pie, milk, bread-and-butter, cake and jam! The reward for the rest is in the conscience of such as love to make children happy.

It was pleasant enough to see them let loose in the fields, joyous to hear them in their processions and songs, delightful to notice their little acts of unselfishness one towards another, and to observe how a piece of pie or a hunk of cake is smuggled away and put aside for some forgotten one at home; but the touching result of the whole thing is shown as the tram-car jingles along on its way to the city made by man, from the sweet and pleasant country made by God.

They are tired now, but with a weariness beautiful beyond all expression. Lying about the cars in all manners of attitudes, dead-tired with the fresh air, with the faded buttercups crushed in their hands, these once forgotten but now remembered children dream of a paradise of flowers suggested by the scenes of the few last hours. Born to much sorrow and privation, to-day they have sailed out on an unknown sea.

And then the night closes round them and the roar of the City begins, and, still ragged, still hatless, still shoeless, they seek their homes—perhaps with less despondency, perchance with lighter hearts. They have mutely worshipped in the fields, and over the sleeping faces of the babes lost in this dark, impenetrable wood of London have been scattered leaves of comfort and of hope!

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A Boot Protector of a novel and handy form has been introduced by Messrs. Herbert Terry and Co., of the Novelty Mills, Redditch. They are made of hardened steel, and are much lighter as well as more durable than the kind now usually in vogue. They are more easily fixed, and sixteen of them can be bought for 3d.

which can be fastened on to the frame of a slate with a couple of tacks at a cost of a half-penny, has been put on the market by Mr. Robert Elliott, of 60, Fawcett Street, Sunderland. It is a little piece of hard steel deeply roughed, on which the pencil can be rubbed till the desired point is attained. It has been adopted by several school boards and has been found an improvement on the doorsteps and windowills which are usually requisitioned for the purpose.

A Field Illuminator designed for use in warfare has just been invented by a young Italian. It is in the form of a candle of giant proportions and designed to be fired from a cannon against the hostile works or buildings about which the enemy is supposed to be. On striking any solid substance the candle breaks up and its materials take fire, burning, so it is claimed, with 100,000 candle power, and illuminating the neighbourhood for a considerable distance all round the point of explosion.

—or hydro-cycle, to give it its technical name—has lately been tried as to its speed on the Thames between Sunbury and Moulsey locks, a distance of exactly three miles. This distance was covered in 20 min. 39 sec. on a somewhat crowded river with no stream to speak of. This gives a speed of 8½ miles an hour, which is very fair indeed. It is stated that no double-scuttling boat could hold its own with the water-cycle for a yard, though many tried to do so. It was, however, found that after a certain speed had been attained the power necessary to increase it was somewhat disproportionate to the results arrived at.

Enamelled Iron Signals for railway purposes is such a simple and yet excellent idea that one is inclined to wonder why they have not superseded the expensive wooden ones long ago. Mr. Miles Williams, of 86, Queen's Road, Liverpool, thinking thus, has patented an enamelled iron signal arm applicable to all kinds of signals now in use, and it possesses the great advantages of economy, efficiency, and durability. It costs 3s. a year to paint each wooden signal-arm now in use, while the enamelled iron once up would never want anything more than an occasional washing. It goes without saying that they are much more easily seen with their bright surface than the dingy wooden ones now in use.

The New Russian Rifle is pronounced by those who know it to be the most deadly small-arm yet invented. It has a calibre of .296 inch, and carries a magazine for five cartridges. Smokeless powder is used, and during some recent experiments bullets were driven at 1000 yards through twenty pine planks, each an inch and a half thick, placed two inches apart from each other. With regard to smokeless powder it may be added that the Swedish Government has accepted a new kind which is said to be very easy of manufacture, to produce no flame, not to over-heat the rifle, and to give an initial velocity of 2,100 feet a second under a pressure of 2,260 atmospheres. It is also as independent of damp as it is of heat, and is altogether considered to be the most effective rifle-powder now used in Europe.

A New Dress Stand of an entirely novel and very convenient form has been brought out by The Jersey Company, Limited, of the Dun-kirk Mills, Stroud, Gloucester. It is called "The Vanishing Dress Stand," and it is intended to supersede the cumbersome and inconvenient wickerwork structures on which ladies now arrange the folds of their flowing draperies. As everyone who has ever fallen over one of these things on meeting it suddenly in a dark room knows to his cost, they take up as much room as a grown-up woman, and are much less inclined to get out of the way. The Jersey Company's contrivance, however, when not in use collapses, and goes into a box about 18 in. square. The advantages of such a device are almost too obvious to need detailing. As it weighs only 18 ozs. and can be set up or taken to pieces in half a minute by anybody, the owner can take it about with her when she travels, and have it out of the way at home whenever she is not using it. It is made 42 in. high and in fourteen sizes, from 19 in. to 32 in. round the waist. The price is 4s. 11d., to which 6d. should be added for postage if it is ordered direct from the mills.

A Big Electric Combination Tainter is reported from the United States. It is said that the Edison, Bell, Graham, and Chichester Bell patents, which embrace all the known devices for recording sound and speech, have now been combined with a view to placing the phonograph and the phonograph on a basis of practical business utility. Many of those enlightened ones who did so much to introduce the telephone into Britain in the days when it was looked upon as a toy are said to be now interesting themselves in bringing the phonograph across the Atlantic.

A New House Ventilator which does its work well, and can be set up for five shillings, ought to be a decided acquisition to the modern dwelling-house. Such a ventilator has just been devised by Mr. S. Peake, of Church Street, Stoke-upon-Trent, and it is ingeniously contrived to represent as to its outward appearance a picture hung sloping on the wall. Behind this picture is a perforation through the wall ending in an air-brick on the outside. The top of the opening behind the picture is covered with perforated zinc or canvas to filter the air as it comes in, and there is a valve with a lever at the side to admit or shut off the fresh air as desired. The picture-frames and glass only are supplied, so that any picture of suitable size that is desired may be put in it by the purchaser.

Another Trousers-Saver. The paragraph recently published on this subject has inspired Mr. H. D. Hill, of 62, Knowle Road, Brixton, to send us a specimen of another device for saving the wear of the bottom of the trousers, which has been patented by himself, and is being produced by Messrs. A. Ross and Co., Grange Mills, Bermondsey. It consists practically of the substitution of a leather lining about 1½ in. deep for the turned-up seam which is usually put in by tailors. The cloth is inserted single between the folds of the leather and turned up, a stitch being put through each seam at the side to prevent it turning down again. This obviates the row of stitching through the cloth which is apt to become conspicuous when the trousers get wet. The device will of course add largely to the wearing power of the cloth, but, to our mind, the leather lining might with advantage be made a little lighter without at all impairing its efficiency.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE QUEEN is sitting to Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who is anxious to make a bust of her mother.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has a great dislike to dining late; he likes the good old-fashioned hour of seven best of all.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is a wonderful linguist; she is versed in French, German, Spanish, and Italian literature, to say nothing of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the veteran American writer, although something like eighty years of age, will stand twenty feet away from his book-shelf and read the titles of the volumes thereon.

It is not generally known that the Marquis of Lorne is a poet. If his works were judged by quantity instead of quality, he would take a high place, for he is said to have already written nearly twice as much poetry as Lord Tennyson.

LORD SALISBURY never works less than eight or nine hours a day, and frequently his labours extend over twelve and thirteen hours. He dictates everything in the way of literary work to four secretaries. It may give some idea of the business transacted at the Foreign Office when it is stated that sometimes fifty despatch boxes arrive at Hatfield in one day.

CAPTAIN MARY MILLAR is one of the few women in the world who has been a successful commander of a steam vessel. She is captain of a boat on the Ohio, and first took over the command on account of her husband's health. It has been said of her that she has reformed many steamboat mates, her presence being sufficient to stop the flow of "cuss words" which sailors so often find necessary to the control of their crews. She is now one of the most popular masters on the river.

MR. GLADSTONE is a great believer in sleep; he says that a politician should never think of State matters after getting to bed, nor just upon awaking in the morning. In the most exciting political crisis he dismisses current matters entirely from his mind every night, and does not think of them until obliged to do so. Like Sancho Panza, Mr. Gladstone has a great gift of sleep; he always gets seven hours, and whatever time he may happen to retire in the evening, after this magic number has been reached he wakes up instinctively, and cannot drop off again, however much he tries.

THE present Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Vaughan, has seven brothers who are priests, and three sisters nuns.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is a great advocate of thrift, and thinks that every man should make a point of saving a certain portion of his income.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is devoted to hunting, and like Anthony Trollope spends all his spare time riding to hounds. Oddly enough he has never introduced anything that has to do with this pastime into any of his plays.

GEORGE GROSSMITH began life as a reporter at Bow Street, and is still proud of the feat he accomplished in doing 18 folds of flimsy of Mr. Beasley's speech in the Bolton and Park case. From the time he could reach a piano he could play on it, and when he was 18 he was engaged in playing the "Battle of Bunker's" for PEPPE'S GHOST. He went round with various entertainments until some 15 years ago, when he received an offer from Arthur Sullivan to take a part in the SOCCERER; the "Teapot Dance" made his fortune. He played "John Wellington Wells" about 180 times, "Sir Joseph Porter" in PINGPONG 700 times, and the "Lord Chancellor" oftener than he can remember, but PINGPONG has always remained his favourite opera.

ONE of the most remarkable features of Prince Bismarck's library at Friedrichshagen is a framed photograph of Anton von Verner's famous picture of the Berlin Congress. The frame is so arranged that the glass can be raised to permit the ex-Chancellor to make a cross with black ink above the head of each of the members as they die off. He had occasion to make another cross recently when the old Italian Ambassador, Count de Lunay, who for over forty years had represented Italy at Berlin, succumbed to old age and influenza. Of all the celebrated statesmen whose portraits figure in the photograph, three alone remain without the ominous black cross above their heads. They are those of Prince Bismarck himself, M. Waddington, the French Ambassador in London, and of the Marquis of Salisbury. All the others are dead.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, lives at Brighton, and is seldom absent for more than a few weeks from his pretty home in London-on-Sea. The famous novelist is a short, well-knit man. He wears spectacles, and both his hair and moustache are fast turning grey. During his short absences from home he studies nature very carefully from the artistic and not from the scientific point of view. He always gets up a subject before writing upon it; thus, when he was composing SPURIA, his Nihilist story, he took a great deal of trouble to make all his minor points correct, and to this day people are constantly writing to him about relatives who are missing in Russia, and whom they think may be victims to some secret society. His own favourite, amongst his books is MADCAP VIOLET, and his drawing-room is embellished with a fine fancy head of this his most charming heroine.

THE CZAR of Russia is the richest sovereign in Europe, and one of the richest men in the world. The income of the imperial family of Russia is derived from the crown lands, which are regarded as the Czar's private estate, and treated as such. They comprise over 1,000,000 square miles, and include farms, pasture or grazing land and forests, while hundreds of villages are built on them, the inhabitants of which pay their rent to the Czar. Many gold, silver, and other mines are included in the crown property, and the output of these is believed to be very large. There are no means of ascertaining the exact income of the Czar, since the imperial accounts are not more open to the public than the books of a private individual, but it is estimated by Russians in official position at £2,450,000 a year. Of this enormous sum a portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, asylums, churches and theatres, but the larger part is swallowed up by the personal and official expenses of the imperial family.

HERE is a story of Mr. John Corbett, the Salt King of Droitwich. Just before the 1886 election, when there was talk of opposition to Mr. Corbett's re-election, he paid a market day visit to the neighbouring borough of Kidderminster, where a number of his rural constituents were to be found. He dined at the market ordinary, and made himself agreeable all round. John Corbett is not and never has been much of a politician, and his position as member of Parliament for Droitwich was nothing more to him than one of the signs of his power as king of the tumbledown old town and the country about it. So he cared little for parties, but as far as he knew he was a Liberal, and called himself one. After the market dinner he was carried off to the Kidderminster Liberal Club, where the local Liberals made much of him, and exulted in the possession of him. After a time he found himself compelled to leave. He would have been very glad to remain longer, he said, to compare notes with his brother Liberals, but he really was compelled to go away. He went, much to every one's regret, for John Corbett is a clubbable man, but he promised to come back again if possible. He did not come, however, but later on his Liberal supporters heard a great burst of cheering from the windows of the Conservative Club. That was where Mr. Corbett had gone. He liked to pay a friendly visit all round, he said, so after going to see his supporters at the Liberal Club, he just dropped in to say how d'ye do to the Conservatives. He is no bigoted party man, is John Corbett.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XLV.

MR. GEORGE LANE-FOX,
VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

An air of subdued excitement and expectancy reigned over the offices of the Primrose League when I called there the other day. Still, the place is strangely quiet, and the reason for this is soon forthcoming in the answer given to a question by one of the Vice-Chancellor's secretaries.

"What are we doing in view of the General Election?" he repeats. "Why, nothing! We are sending out no more pamphlets since last week, holding no more meetings, but on the contrary are advising the officials of our various habitations to take a holiday over election time. You look surprised," he added, smiling, "but remember that the law is very strict on the doings of political associations during General Election time; they are not allowed to hold meetings for any special candidate, or in fact to behave in any way as a League; therefore we have even, for the time being, dismissed our paid lecturers and speakers."

"But surely a member of the League is not disqualified from canvassing and making speeches for the support of any particular candidature?"

"As private individuals of course we may do anything, and I need hardly tell you that all our people are busy on their own account; but we are determined that no one shall say that the Primrose League is exercising any undue influence, or behaving in an unfair manner; therefore we strongly advise our people to spend their whole energies in supporting and aiding the local Conservative committees, for the League is to be practically non-existent during the next few weeks."

The Primrose League occupies the whole ground floor of one of the largest buildings in Westminster, within some ten minutes walk of the House of Commons. An army of officials, secretaries, and clerks, all distinguished, by the way, for their remarkable courtesy and good manners to the chance visitor who may wander within their portals, attend to the many minor details of the social, literary, and political sides of the vast organisation.

Perhaps what most strikes the observer when first going in is that fully as much prominence is given to the ladies' side of the League as to that of the knights: the Ladies' Grand Council has a charming suite of rooms all to itself, and close to it is the Vice-Chancellor's room—a small, bare-looking apartment containing a large desk littered with countless letters and papers.

Not a little of the success of the Primrose League has been due to the indefatigable energy and hard work of Mr. George Lane-Fox, the genial and business-like Vice-Chancellor, whose whole life during the last ten years has been entirely given up to the furtherance of Conservative principles, to the exclusion of all other work.

"Who really started the Primrose League, Mr. Lane-Fox?" I asked; for the beginnings of a society now numbering over a million members are surely of interest.

"Well, I think the credit may very fairly be divided between Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and Sir Algernon Borthwick, the editor of THE MORNING POST. The latter rendered us inestimable service by giving us a splendid 'send off' with a leading article, in which he explained the objects and ideas of the Primrose League."

"The scheme was taken up with enthusiasm, and 'caught on' at once. Amongst the first twelve members were the Marquis of Salisbury, the late Sir Stafford Northcote, Colonel Burnaby, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. We first met in various private houses, but it was soon found that offices must be taken to keep pace with our growth. I must tell you that the original idea of the founders of the League was to admit men only, banded together in companies of about one hundred, who after having been well instructed in our fundamental principles were to act as missionaries of the League; but it needed but a few months' experience to prove conclusively that in order to meet the requirements of the social side of the question the sympathies of the fairer half of humanity must be enlisted. Since that time," concluded Mr. Lane-Fox smiling, "I think that in the public mind the Primrose dame has quite outshone the Primrose knight."

"I suppose this innovation quite altered the character of the League?"

"Well, the effect of admitting women to the League may be gathered from the fact that the number of members rose from 957 in 1884, to 237,000 in 1886, although there were and are still more knights than dames. The total number of men and women enrolled up to date is over one million."

"It must be no easy matter to organise and divide into sections such an immense body?"

"Extreme simplicity is the secret of our success. The whole League is governed by a Grand Council, which has direct control over the head office in London, and consists of forty-five members besides the Grand Master, four trustees and treasurer. There is also a Ladies' Executive Council, and a joint Committee consisting of seven dames and eight knights, whose principal work is to prepare and publish leaflets setting forth and explaining the objects of the League."

"People do not seem to understand," continued Mr. Lane-Fox, "that the League was founded solely to maintain certain principles, not to back up any special party policy; we naturally support those who defend our principles, but do so upon our own grounds, and not for party reasons. Lord Salisbury pointed that out in the address he gave to the Grand Habitation during the May of 1886. 'I think,' he said on that occasion, 'that the Primrose League should bear in mind the peculiarity of its character; do not let the members become in their several counties the mere counterpart of a Conservative association.'"

"Then what is each member of the Primrose League supposed to do?"

"Before receiving his or her diploma or badge of membership the would-be member has to read over and sign the following declaration:—

I declare on my honour and faith that I will devote the best of my ability to the maintenance of religion, of the estates of the realm and of the imperial ascendancy of the British Empire; and that consistently with the Sovereign of those realms I will promote with discretion and fidelity the above objects, being those of the Primrose League."

Any one having been duly proposed and seconded can become a knight or dame of the League on payment of 10s. and an annual subscription of 6s.; associates pay 1s. a year and are elected in the same manner."

"And what is the special work done by a habitation?"

"The work done by a habitation is of a varied description, and could not be easily described. Usually, however, one of the first steps taken is the arrangement of the district into wards, each of which is placed in charge of a member of the Executive Council; it is the duty of these wardens to see that every Conservative in the district is kept well informed as to the current events in the political world; they are further to endeavour to get recruits for the League, and make converts from the enemy."

"The office of secretary to a habitation must be a particularly onerous post."

"Yes, especially as every town and village has its cliques, and it requires some judgment on the part of the secretary to keep them working simultaneously together."

"You have a regular system of honours, have you not?"

"Oh, yes! Knights upon the recommendation of their habitation may be advanced to the rank of knight companion, and from that for very special work and zeal for the cause to the rank of knight of the Grand Star, which consists of five grades; the fifth grade having but one member, the Marquis of Salisbury. Bars are also granted for political service in any given year, to be worn on the badge ribbon; then a champion banner is presented each year to the habitation which shows the largest increase of members."

"And how is it that you yourself, Mr. Lane-Fox, first took up the subject; you do a great deal of public speaking, do you not, as well as your work here?"

"I never made a speech in my life until six years ago, when I became convinced that it was the duty of every citizen to take an active part in politics. Cardinal Manning, an old and esteemed friend, gave me some very good advice on public speaking. He said, 'Read Hallam and Burke, especially Burke, then you will soon find that you have something to say, instead of vainly beating the air, as some orators do.' Now," said Mr. Lane-Fox, laughing, "I am hardly ever off a platform, and, in fact, spend my life in making speeches."

"How do you conciliate that with your office here?"

"Only at the expense of giving up all ordinary forms of amusement. When I tell you that we receive something like thirty thousand letters in the course of twelve months, you will understand the amount of desk-work implied for every one in this office."

The Primrose League is the first political institution which has availed itself of the great party of women, and there is no question but that the League owes to its dames no small measure of its extraordinary success; for it would be difficult to over-estimate the untiring efforts of the ladies who joined it in such numbers and have devoted so much time and trouble to the advancement of its aims. As to the exact position of women in the League, it can be easily stated:—To ordinary membership women are admitted on the same terms as men, and of the million and fifty thousand members which the League claims as its own, about a third are women. Dames are the equivalents of knights, and are represented on a committee of nine gentlemen and seven ladies. Any dame can become a member of the Ladies' Grand Council, and all the members of the Council are eligible candidates for its executive committee, an election being held once every year.

Miss Maresia Nevill may be said to be the most prominent lady-member of the Primrose League. When the great movement which originated among a few of Lord Beaconsfield's followers took form and shape, and became a powerful agent in the political world, Miss Nevill was among the earliest to be enrolled a Dame of the Primrose League, her diploma bearing the number 13. Since then she has taken a leading part in the formation of fresh habitations, and assisted at countless meetings. When by-elections were imminent she was among the foremost of those who came forward with offers of active assistance, and now there is scarcely an elector in London, to say nothing of the surrounding districts, who is not familiar with the smart little pony-carriage which stands daily before the Primrose League office-door awaiting its mistress.

A PAPER has an article on "How to help people to help themselves." A good way is to leave your front door open.

THE MAN who has never had a crayon portrait of himself made by an amateur artist probably does not yet know what it is to have his pride fully humbled.

MISS SURFACE: "I hope you are feeling better to-day, Mrs. Tubercle. What does the doctor say?"

Mrs. Tubercle (mournfully): "One of my lungs, he tells me, is entirely gone, and—"

Miss Surface (gleefully): "Oh, how nice! You won't have any more trouble from that, will you?"

A MINISTER went to visit a poor woman in Scotland who had just lost her husband. He tried to speak consolingly to her by pointing out to her that the deceased was in a much happier state.

"Just think, my good woman," said the worthy divine, "your dear husband is perhaps at this moment playing on a harp."

"Na, na," interrupted the sobbing widow; "mickle guid that'll dae his rheumatism, sittin' on a cauld cloud blawin' a trumpet."

ROBBIE was the only child at the tea-table the other evening, and did not seem to be at all pleased when the hostess, in dealing out the preserves, gave two pears to each guest, while he only got one. He let the fruit remain untouched before him, until his mother inquired, in a surprised tone:

"Robbie, why do you not eat your pear?"

"Do you call that a pair?" he indignantly exclaimed.

"Why, there is only one!"

The hostess saw the point, and Robbie received his rightful share.

A WORTHY laird in a Perthshire village made the, for him, wonderful journey to see the great Exhibition of 1851. On his return his banker, a man who was well known to have the idea that he was by far the most influential and potent power in the shire, invited the laird, with some cronies, to a glass of punch. The banker meant to amuse the company at the old laird's expense, to trot him out and get him to describe the sights of London.

"An' what, laird, most of all impressed you at the great glass house?" asked the banker, with a sly wink at the company.

"A' well, sir," quo' the auld laird, as he emptied his glass, "I was muckle impressed wi' a' I saw—muckle impressed! But the thing abune a' that impressed me maist was my ain insignificance. Loah, banker, I wad strongly advise you to gang; it wad do you a vast o' guid, sir!"

AN ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED £1,000 INSURANCE.

NOT LIMITED TO ONE CLAIM. ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling as an ordinary passenger, or Season Ticket holder, in a carriage duly provided for the conveyance of passengers. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This copy is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Saturday, July 9th, and confers the benefit of this insurance system until midnight on Saturday, July 16th. Our offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature.....

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to July 28th, 1892, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions mentioned above.

Richard T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation Limited

Available until Midnight, July 16th, 1892.

AN UNGRATEFUL FRIEND.

A young man with a black eye is said to have told the following story of ingratitude to his friends a few evenings ago:—"You see," he began, "me and Jerry went up the river on Sunday. Me and Jerry has been like brothers for years, and never a hard word has passed between us. Jerry wanted to go bathing, but I says it was too cold, and I wouldn't go. He calls me a stupid, and goes in by himself. What does he do but get cramp and begins to drown. A gentleman calls to him to brace up, and a lady told him to keep kicking, and a boy calls to him to turn on his back, but he keeps on drowning."

"He went down, did he?"

"No, sir, but it was all owing to me that he didn't. When I sees there was no help for him, and that my dear old friend was about to be taken away by death, I raises my voice and calls out, 'Jerry, old man, are you there?'"

"And Jerry replied that he was, but he wouldn't be over ten seconds longer unless help came to save him. Then I raises my voice again, and calls out, 'Jerry, ye're a thief and a liar, and ye have done three years in quod. If ye'll come out o' that and stand up to me I'll make ye holler in three minutes, or own up that I'm no man.'"

"Then he went down, did he?" asked one of the audience.

"No, sir. Then he got riled, and his strength came back, and he paddled to shore. Everybody said it was the salvation of him, and I am sure it was. I went down and gave him my hand, and helped him out; and I was a-saying how thankful I was, when he squares off and knocks me out of time, and has to be held by four men. I'm leaving it to you, gents, if ever in yer born days you've heard of another such case of ingratitude?"

PET NAMES.

THE use of pet names is peculiar neither to this century nor the last. The favourite diminutive at present is "ie," as seen in Charlie, Georgie, Maudie, and so on. In earlier times the popular terminations were in, on, et, kin, cock, and others. Emma was shortened to Em, and for love's sake it became Emmot, or Emmet. Matilda was first Til, then Tillot. Bartholomew was Bart, then little Bart, or Bartlett.

The popularity of these pet names is seen in the great number of them which eventually become family names. The Tillotsons, the Emmetts, the Bartletts are numerous in England and America, although few dream that these names were originally pet and not surnames. Before the use of family names it was often necessary to use the diminutive forms from the fact that the same name was not infrequently given to two or three children of the same family.

The origin of the surname Robinson is the pet name Robin or Robert. Rawlin, found as a surname in Rawlins and Rawlinson, was originally little Ralph, and Dickens little Dick. As Germans of to-day add chen to children's names as a term of endearment, making Anna, Annchen, Elizabeth, Lischen, so our English ancestry used the equivalent kin. Watkin was little Walter, Simkin, little Simeon, Perkin, little Peter, Wilcox was once Wilcock, or as we should say Willie; Hitchcock, or Hiscok, or Hickok, was Isaac the younger. Terminations in kin and cock were in use among the lower orders—that is, among the Anglo-Saxons—while the diminutives in, on and et were more aristocratic, and used by families of Norman blood. So frequent was the use of diminutives on account of the limited number of names, that Bardeley called the period from the Norman conquest to the reformation, the pet epoch in England. Names of favourite saints were repeated over and over again—John and Thomas, Emma and Matilda, being among those most freely used.

As showing to what base uses names may come at last, we have the French word Guillaume—derived from gild helm or golden helmet—twice thrown into pet form, becoming Guillotin, or little William. Then it became a surname, and the family name of the doctor who invented the deadly machine which bears his name. So from a noble defender William became an infernal persecutor.

English cyclists must have their lamps alight at 9.14 p.m. on Saturday, July 9th, and one minute earlier on every evening during the following week. Scotch cyclists should light up at 9.52, and two minutes earlier each following evening.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, July 16th, 1892.

BÊCHE-DE-MER.

THE oldest fishery known is, perhaps, that of *bêche-de-mer*. Its origin is lost even to Chinese tradition, which takes refuge in saying that it existed always. The demand for the article has always exceeded the supply in every part of the Flowery Land.

New Guinea, North Australia, and the islands in and about Torres Straits were at first the Chinese fishing-grounds, to the neglect of a thousand other haunts of the much sought for delicacy in the South-western Pacific, which were afterward developed by the numerous European waifs and strays who had taken up their abode in the lovely islands of the South Seas.

Some of these men in time obtain great influence, and taking native wives, are admitted fully to all the privileges of the tribe. As chiefs they claim and use labour according to their rank and station.

In crazy boats they start on adventurous voyages, cruising from one desert island to another, trusting entirely to luck for provisions when the few eatables brought with them from home are consumed.

Arrived at the selected place, and having with them all the necessary apparatus, such as large iron try-pots, knives, forks, etc., the fishing gang immediately proceed to erect huts for their own shelter, and trellised smoke-houses in which to cure the fish. They take great care that the roofs of these houses shall be water-tight, for although salt water does not much harm the drying fish fresh water is entirely destructive to it.

Inside the huts, two or three sets of open-work stages are erected above the smoke-producing fire-places, and on them the cooked fish is laid for drying.

Bêche-de-mer, called "tre pang" by the Chinese, is a species of echinoderm, or invertebrate marine animal.

It is also called the "sea-cucumber" from the warty appearance of some of the sorts. It is a hideous slug of uniform thickness its entire length, with no discoverable eyes, and a triangular mouth, containing many sharp teeth. These teeth can be of little use, for in the creature's simple, transparent intestines nothing has ever been found but sand and water.

These fishes, when dried, are considered a great luxury by the Chinese. The four kinds, brown, black, spotted, and red, are esteemed as articles of food in the order placed.

The brown is attached to shore localities. It grows, when matured, about four feet long by fourteen inches in circumference, and frequents only the flat reef bottoms of shallow lagoons.

The black is found in deep waters, and is often dived for at a depth of six or eight fathoms. But it is only to be found on a sandy bottom. This species is a shiny jet in colour; it is as thick as a man's leg, and sometimes exceeds two feet in length.

The spotted slug is a repulsive-looking monster—a sort of dirty green in colour, covered with dull orange-hued blotches. It is even larger than the black, and possesses a vicious quality not found in its fellows. When handled it throws out a quantity of filmy, sticky threads, which burn the flesh.

The red, the smallest and least valuable species, rejoices in the stormy waters of the outside reef on the rough coral rocks, and consequently can only be fished for at low tide.

When a *bêche-de-mer* fishing party is honestly conducted, nothing can be more joyous and light-hearted than the mob of dusky men and women spread all over the bright blue lagoon, under a cloudless tropic sky, laughing, singing, and playing, yet managing to mingle a very fair share of labour with their playful and innocent gambols.

To the white men engaged there is a sort of fascination about this life that cannot be realised by those who have not actually gone through it—a total oblivion of all the trammels of civilisation, which for the time is charming.

With a mind relieved of all responsibility, with no debts to bother or tiresome engagements to keep, with the present so peacefully enjoyable that the future never causes a single troubled thought, there may well be in the life of the beach-comber a strong and poetic attraction.

The haunts of the *bêche-de-mer* are often miles away from the fishers' camp. So a light canoe generally accompanies the party, which when full, is paddled quietly back, all unemployed hands occupying themselves in splitting and in various other ways generally preparing the fish.

These fish must be cooked immediately on arrival, or else they will run together in a glutinous mass.

They are first semi-boiled in a native oven, which all over the Pacific is merely a hole in the ground lined with stones, in which a large fire is kindled. When the stones are thoroughly red hot, the ashes are scraped out, and the fish enveloped in green leaves or damp coarse mats placed in, and the whole covered over with a mound of stones. Should more heat be thought necessary, another fire is lit on its top.

When the fish has acquired a sufficient solidity it is spread on the smoke-house stages, and the fires started with all sorts of pungent woods.

After about eight days of continual care in turning the fish and keeping up a regular supply of smoke, the curing is finished, and nothing remains but to pack the now marketable commodity. On its arrival at its destination it is readily sold at prices ranging from £50 to £120 per ton.

"Dear BANKER says marriage is a failure!"
"A failure? I thought he married a fortune?"
"Yes—but the girl that went with it has suspended payment."

An incorrigible office-seeker died a few years ago, and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however adopted:

HERE LIES JOHN JONES
IN THE ONLY PLACE FOR WHICH HE NEVER
APPLIED.

"WHAT an exquisite skirt your daughter wore at the children's ball?"

"Yes. Wasn't it lovely? You see, I had very short notice of the party, and what with one thing and another little Jane's intended dress wasn't ready, so I just sent her in the drawing-room lamp shade."

Not a bad idea, either.

BOOKSTALL CLERK (suburban railway station): "That man has just rented a summer cottage, with a small grass plot in front and ten or twenty square feet behind."

Lounger: "How d'ye know?"

Bookstall Clerk: "He just stopped an' ordered seventeen gardening and agricultural papers."

"Isn't it strange," observed Banks, as he took off his mackintosh, "that this rain came up so suddenly? There wasn't a cloud in the sky an hour ago."

And Rivers, who had come down town without his umbrella for the first time in six weeks, and had a brand new silk hat on his head, stood by the window with his hands in his pockets, and looked gloomily at the pelting rain outside, and thought hard, bitter, wicked thoughts, and said it wasn't at all strange—he knew exactly why it had rained, begad.

"Biddy, bring Mrs. Smith a glass of sherry."

Exit Biddy.

"You must be so tired after your walk."

Biddy brings the glass of sherry.

"Not that way, my good girl. You should always bring it on a plate or salver."

Exit Biddy.

"She is very willing; but really she knows so little."

Biddy, re-entering with wine in a soup-plate:

"Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will the lady lap it up?"

THE celebrated Lord Westbury, a man of notorious intrepidity of accusation, was shooting his coverts in company with the late Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General. Cockburn came to the end of a covert, only to find Lord Westbury in process of a heated argument with his son as to which of them had shot the keeper. He turned to the keeper himself to inquire which it was, whereupon the man answered,

"Both of them, confound it."

Subsequently, when Cockburn was arguing a case before Lord Westbury, and was at a loss for a certain date, his lordship observed,

"Do you not remember, Mr. Cockburn, it was such and such a day—the day, in fact, on which you shot my keeper?"

MISSING WORD COMPETITION
NO. XXXII.

ON the third column of page 827 is a paragraph about a ginger-bread barometer. The last word in it is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out the coupon below, fill in this word, together with their names and addresses, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Monday, July 18th, the envelope marked "WORD."

The correct word is in the hands of Mr. H. S. Linley, Chartered Accountant, 124, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. His statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to Temple Chambers, E.C., as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order and a separate coupon. All postal orders should be made payable to Pearson's Weekly.

M. W. C. No. 32.

Word.....

Name.....

Address

display of very opposite qualities. He was a noted amateur at many sports. He rejoiced in his muscular strength, and, in many a tavern brawl and midnight riot of his own provoking, had proved the fallacy of the proverb which teaches that a bully is always a coward. He had the tenacity of a bulldog,—once let him get his teeth in his adversary, and he would hold on till he died.

In fact he was, as far as personal vigour went, a Gabbett with the education of a prize-fighter; and, in a personal encounter between two men of equal courage, science tells more than strength. In the struggle, however, that was now taking place, science seemed to be of little value. To the inexperienced eye, it would appear that the frenzied giant, gripping the throat of the man who had fallen beneath him, must rise from the struggle an easy victor. Brute force was all that was needed,—there was neither room nor time for the display of cunning or fence.

But knowledge, though it cannot give strength, gives coolness. Taken by surprise as he was, Maurice Frere did not lose his presence of mind. The convict was so close upon him, that there was no time to strike; but, as he was forced backwards, he succeeded in crooking his knee round the thigh of his assailant, and thrust one hand into his collar. Over and over they rolled, the bewildered sentry not daring to fire, until the ship's side brought them up with a violent jerk, and Frere realised that Gabbett was below him.

Pressing with all the might of his muscles, he strove to redress the leverage which the giant was applying to turn him over, but he might as well have pushed against a stone wall. With his eyes protruding, and every sinew strained to its uttermost he was slowly forced round, and he felt Gabbett releasing his grasp, in order to draw back and aim at him an effectual blow. Disengaging his left hand, Frere suddenly allowed himself to sink, and then drawing up his right knee, struck Gabbett beneath the jaw, and as the huge head was forced backwards by the blow, dashed his fist into the brawny throat. The giant reeled backwards, and falling on his hands and knees, was in an instant surrounded by sailors.

Now began and ended, in less time than it takes to write it, one of those Homeric struggles of one man against twenty, which are none the less heroic because the Ajax is a convict, and the Trojans merely ordinary sailors. Shaking his assailants to the deck as easily as a wild boar shakes off the dogs which clamour upon his bristly sides, the convict sprang to his feet, and whirling the snatched-up cutlass round his head, kept the circle at bay. Four times did the soldiers round the hatchway raise their muskets, and four times did the fear of wounding the men who had flung themselves upon the enraged giant compel them to restrain their fire.

Gabbett, his stubby hair on end, his bloodshot eyes glaring with fury, his great hand opening and shutting in air, as though it gasped for something to seize, turned himself about from side to side—now here, now there, bellowing like a wounded bull. His coarse shirt, rent from shoulder to flank, exposed the play of his huge muscles. He was bleeding from a cut on his forehead, and the blood, trickling down his face, mingled with the foam on his lips, and dropped sluggishly on his hairy breast. Each time that an assailant came within reach of the swinging cutlass the ruffian's form dilated with a fresh access of passion.

At one moment bunched with clinging adversaries—his arms, legs, and shoulders a hanging mass of human bodies—at the next, free, desperate, alone in the midst of his foes, his hideous countenance contorted with hate and rage, the giant seemed less a man than a demon, or one of those monstrous and savage apes which haunt the solitudes of the African forests. Spurning the mob who had rushed in at him, he strode towards his risen adversary, and aimed at him one final blow that should put an end to his tyranny for ever.

A notion that Sarah Purfoy had betrayed him, and that the handsome soldier was the cause of the betrayal, had taken possession of his mind, and his rage had concentrated itself upon Maurice Frere. The aspect of the villain was so appalling that, despite his natural courage, Frere, seeing the backward sweep of the cutlass, absolutely closed his eyes with terror, and surrendered himself to his fate.

As Gabbett balanced himself for the blow, the ship, which had been rocking gently on a dull and silent sea, suddenly lurched—the convict lost his balance, swayed, and fell. Ere he could rise he was pinioned by twenty hands.

Authority was almost instantaneously triumphant on the upper and lower decks. The mutiny was over.

CHAPTER XI.

DISCOVERIES AND CONFESSIONS.

THE shock was felt all through the vessel, and Pine, who had been watching the ironing of the last of the mutineers, at once divined its cause.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, "there's a breeze at last!" and as the overpowered Gabbett, bruised, bleeding, and bound, was dragged down the hatchway, the triumphant doctor hurried upon deck to find the *Malabar* plunging through the whitening water under the influence of a fifteen-knot breeze.

"Stand by to reef topsails! Away aloft men and furl the royals!" cries Best from the quarter-deck; and in the midst of the cheery confusion Maurice Frere briefly recapitulated what had taken place, taking care, however, to pass over his own dereliction of duty as rapidly as possible.

Pine knit his brows. "Do you think that she was in the plot?" he asked.

"Not she!" says Frere—eager to avert inquiry. "How should she be? Plot! She's sickening of fever, or I'm much mistaken."

Sure enough, on opening the door of the cabin, they found Sarah Purfoy lying where she had fallen a quarter of an hour before. The clashing of cutlasses and the firing of muskets had not roused her.

"We must make a sick-bay somewhere," says Pine, looking at the senseless figure with no kindly glance; "though I don't think she's likely to be very bad. Confound her! I believe that she's the cause of all this. I'll find out, too, before many hours are over; for I've told those fellows that unless they confess all about it before to-morrow morning, I'll get them six dozen a-piece the day after we anchor in Hobart Town. I've a great mind to do it before we get there."

Take her head, Frere, and will get her out of this before Vickers comes up. What a fool you are, to be sure! I know what it would be with women aboard ship. I wonder Mrs. V. hasn't been out before now. There—steady past the door. Why, man, one would think you never had your arm round a girl's waist before! Pooh! don't look so scared—I won't tell. Make haste, now, before that little parson comes. Parsons are regular old women to chatter; and thus muttering Pine assisted to carry Mrs. Vickers's maid into her cabin.

"By George, but she's a fine girl!" he said, viewing the inanimate body with the professional eye of a surgeon. "I don't wonder at you making a fool of yourself. Chances are, you've caught the fever, though this breeze will help to blow it out of us. That old jackass, Blunt, too!—he ought to be ashamed of himself, at his age!"

"What do you mean?" asked Frere, hastily, as he heard a step approach. "What has Blunt to say about her?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Pine. "He was smitten, too, that's all. Like a good many more, in fact."

"A good many more!" repeated the other, with a pretence of carelessness.

"Yes!" laughed Pine. "Why, man, she was making eyes at every man in the ship! I caught her kissing a soldier once."

Maurice Frere's cheeks grew hot. "He had been taken in, deceived, perhaps laughed at. All the time he had flattered himself that he was fascinating the black-eyed maid, the black-eyed maid had been twisting him round her finger, and perhaps imitating his love-making for the gratification of her soldier-lover. It was not a pleasant thought; and yet, strange to say, the idea of Sarah's treachery did not make him dislike her. There is a sort of love—if love it can be called—which thrives under ill-treatment."

Vickers met them at the door. "Pine, Blunt has the fever. Mr. Best found him in his cabin groaning. Come and look at him."

The commander of the *Malabar* was lying on his bunk in the betwisted condition into which men who sleep in their clothes contrive to get themselves. The doctor shook him, bent down over him, and then loosened his collar. "He's not sick," he said; "he's drunk! Blunt! wake up! Blunt!"

But the man refused to move.

"Hallo!" says Pine, smelling at the broken tumbler. "What's this? Smells queer. Rum? No. Eh! Laudanum! By George, he's been hocused!"

"Nonsense!"

"I see it," slapping his thigh. "It's that confounded woman! She's drugged him, and meant to do the same for—" (Frere gave him an imploring look)—"for anybody else who would be fool enough to let her do it. Dawes was right, sir. She's in it."

"What! my wife's maid? Nonsense!" said Vickers.

"Nonsense!" echoed Frere.

"It's no nonsense. That soldier who was shot—what's his name?—Miles, he—but, however, it doesn't matter. It's all over now."

"The men will confess before morning," says Vickers, "and we'll see." And he went off to his wife's cabin.

His wife opened the door for him. She had been sitting by the child's bedside, listening to the firing, and waiting for her husband's return without a murmur. Flirt, fribble, and shrew as she was, Julia Vickers had displayed, in times of emergency, that glowing courage which women of her nature at times possess. Though she would yawn over any book above the level of a genteel love story; attempt to fascinate, with ludicrous assumption of girlishness, boys young enough to be her sons; shudder at a frog, and scream at a spider, she could sit throughout a quarter of an hour of such suspense as she had just undergone with as much courage as if she had been the strongest-minded woman that ever denied her sex. "Is it all over?" she asked.

"Yes, thank goodness!" said Vickers, pausing on the threshold. "All is safe now, though we had a narrow escape I believe. How's Sylvia?"

The child was lying on the bed with her fair hair scattered over the pillow, and her tiny hands moving restlessly to and fro.

"A little better, I think, though she has been talking a good deal."

The red lips parted, and the blue eyes, brighter than ever, stared vacantly around. The sound of her father's voice seemed to have roused her, for she began to speak a little prayer; "God bless papa and mamma, and God bless all on board this ship. God bless me, and make me good girl, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord. Amen."

The sound of the unconscious child's simple prayer had something awesome in it, and John Vickers, who not ten minutes before would have sealed his own death warrant unhesitatingly to preserve the vessel, felt his eyes fill with unbidden tears. The contrast was curious. From out the midst of that desolate ocean—in a fever-smitten prison ship, leagues from land, surrounded by ruffians, thieves, and murderers—the baby voice of an innocent child called confidently on Heaven.

Two hours afterwards—as the *Malabar*, escaped from the peril which had menaced her, plunged cheerily through the rippling water—the mutineers, by their spokesman, Mr. James Vetch, confessed.

"They were very sorry, and hoped that their breach of discipline would be forgiven. It was the fear of the typhus which had driven them to it. They had no accomplices either in the prison or out of it, but they felt it but right to say that the man who had planned the mutiny was Rufus Dawes."

The malignant cripple had guessed from whom the information which had led to the failure of the plot had been derived, and this was his characteristic revenge.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

EXTRACTED FROM THE HOBART TOWN COURIER OF THE 12th November, 1892:—

"The examination of the prisoners who were concerned in the attempt upon the *Malabar* was concluded on Tuesday last. The four ringleaders, Dawes, Gabbett, Vetch, and Sanders, were condemned to death; but we understand that, by the clemency of his Excellency the Governor, their sentence has been commuted to six years at the penal settlement of Macquarie Harbour."

(More of this next week.)

THE ORIGIN OF A RHYME.

WHEN Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove out the monks, the title deeds of the abbey of Mells—including the very sumptuous grange built by Abbot Balwood—were demanded by the commissioners. After some delay the Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them, but as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely. To accomplish this, he devised the ingenious plan of having a savoury pie made, inside of which he put the documents.

This was intrusted to a lad named Horner to carry to London and deliver safely into the hands of those for whom it was intended. The journey was long, and the day cold; the boy was hungry, the pie tempting, and the chance of detection small.

So the boy broke off a piece of the pie and beheld the parchment within. The pie was delivered, but the title deeds of the Abbey estate were missing. Master Jack Horner had them safe in his pocket, and when peaceable times were restored, he claimed the estate and received them. Dr. Brewer says that Jack told the abbot that the king had given him the deeds, and quoted the rhyme as follows:—

Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner (of the waggon),
Eying his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum (the title deeds),
Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

OFFICIAL ODDITIES.

SOME time ago the colonel of a regiment of light infantry was directed to proceed from the depot of his regiment to an outlying station for the purpose of making an official survey. In due course the gallant officer forwarded his bill of expenses to the War Office, two of the charges therein appearing under the headings of "caff fare" and "porter."

The latter item immediately suggested to the official mind a little joke at the expense of the colonel. A letter was accordingly despatched requesting that officer to furnish an explanation of the item charged as "porter" in his bill. "If meant for liquid refreshment the term is correct; but if intended to convey the charge for carrying a parcel, the word should be portorage," said the War Office letter.

The colonel, however, was equal to the occasion. He promptly acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Secretary's communication and begged to enclose an amended bill, in which he had altered porter to portorage, and, for the sake of uniformity, cab to cabbage.

Frequently an increased pressure of clerical work, as in war time, leads to mistakes of a laughable nature. An instance of this kind occurred during the Zulu campaign. An order was despatched to the captain of one of the ships of war upon the station requesting him to take up a position as close to Fort—as possible, but on no account to bombard it. The captain replied that he had followed their lordships' instructions by taking his ship as near the fort as possible; but, as the said fort was three hundred miles inland, he would make no attempt to bombard it.

This week's instalment of the serial tale gives a thrilling account of a meeting on board the convict-ship. For the convenience of new readers—of whom we are glad to say there are some thousands every week—we give a summary of the chapters that have already been published. A perusal of it will place anyone in a position to continue FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE with interest and pleasure. These remarks apply to regular readers who may not have begun the serial yet.

RESULT OF

EIGHTH CRICKET COMPETITION.

THE eleven sovereigns go this week to the members of the Hove Cricket Club, who, in a match played at Hove Park, on Saturday, June 25th, beat the Goldstone Cricket Club in most emphatic style. The Hove team batted first, and put together 194 runs for 2 wickets, the brothers Hollamby being not out for 53 and 55 respectively. Goldstone could only secure 4 runs in their first attempt and 12 in their second, and were thus defeated by an innings, 8 wickets and 178 runs. Here are the names and addresses of the winners:—

N. Walker, 35, Clarendon Villas,
F. Seager, 3, Victoria Terrace,
J. H. Hollamby, 81, Blatchington Road,
F. F. Hollamby, 81, Blatchington Road,
H. Mew, 23, Belfast Street,
E. P. Butcher, 39, Lansdowne Street,
A. Otterway, 105, Blatchington Road,
W. Humphreys, 47, George's Street,
J. Potter, 21, Belfast Street,
A. Aldridge, 13, Connaught Road,
F. C. Butcher, 39 Lansdowne Street,

All of Hove.

The bat for the best performance goes this week to Mr. F. O. Lambert, Captain of the Dromore Cricket Club, near Stranraer. In a match played against the Newry Cricket Club he took 6 wickets in the first innings for 8 runs, and 7 wickets in the second for 8 runs.

FICTION.

THE ARTICLE WAS GOOD.—A now prominent humorist, whom everybody knows, whether they ever saw him or not, used to edit a little local daily paper. He hadn't written so much good humorous matter then as he has since, but it used to crop out once in a while.

One day a prominent citizen got into trouble with a cabman about the amount of his charge or something, and took off his coat and fought him. He made it hot for the cabman, too. The next morning our humorist had nearly a column about it. There had been so much space to fill, and he turned his fancy loose and filled it. He had laughed about it quietly to himself all the way home that night after he wrote it, and in the morning read it over and smiled inwardly again at its humour.

About the middle of the afternoon the man who had the trouble came in. The editor trembled a little at first, because he didn't know how he might have taken it, but the man wore a broad grin on his face, and seemed to be very much tickled over it.

"That was a good one on me in *The Howler* this morning," said the man.

"Er—yes—do you think so?" said the editor.

"Oh, capital. It really took me off first-class. Did you write it?"

"Oh, yes, I scratched it off in a hurry last night. We had to find something to fill up."

"Of course. I didn't know you could do as well as that," went on the man, enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't think much of it," returned the man of jest, modestly. "If I had only a little more time perhaps I might have made something out of it."

"Oh, you had time enough—plenty of time, I assure you. It was fine. Of course, I didn't really do all you said I did."

"Oh, of course not. Certainly not. We've got to have something lively in the paper, you know."

"I see."

"You understand that?"

"I think so. Of course, I didn't yell like a man with his foot in a lawn-mower all the time I was having the controversy."

"Oh, no, we have to exaggerate a little."

"I see. And then, I didn't raise the cabman up and pound the face of the earth with him till the police stopped me for wearing out the pavement."

"No, not at all—I had to make it read pretty lively, you know."

"Oh, course. Then I didn't chase him into the country half a mile, did I now?"

"I never heard that you did. I just slipped that in."

"I understand. Then of course I didn't roar so coming back that people thought there was a thunderstorm coming?"

"Oh, you didn't roar at all. I made that part up to make it read well."

"I thought so. Then I didn't stand on the corner and howl till I was tired and say I could lick any cabman who ever looked through a collar, and go along the streets, cracking my heels together."

"Of course not—nothing of the kind at all. I just put that in. One has to in a small town with a daily paper, you see."

"I notice you have to. It was a funny piece, take it altogether."

"Y-e-s, I thought perhaps it was a little funny," admitted the editor, a trifle uneasily.

"You say in it that the cabman I made an example of was a small man?"

"Why, yes, rather small, I understood."

"Probably not as small you are!"

"Oh, n-no, I presume not. I'm not very big, you see. Pleasant weather we're having, Major."

"Y-e-s-s; very pleasant—a little cold for cabman and some editors I know of. Probably, then, if I licked the cabman there wouldn't be any doubt but that I could lick you?"

"Oh, n-no-no, sir; not a particle of doubt. Are you going to the meeting to-night, colonel?"

"I expect to be there, but you won't—you'll be in the hospital—you little insignificant wretch," and he reached out and got the editor by the collar. "Chased the man out beyond the town, did I?" And he began jabbing the hapless joker up and down like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. "My actions would have made a fish laugh, eh? Howled till I made the world's back ache, did I?" And all the time he was dancing round the office with the editor at arm's length. "Oh! you're going to be the world's great humorist. No doubt of it at all. You'll make the universe double up and roll on the grass some day! You're funny—oh, so very funny! Just give you a little more practice on me, and you can start fair."

And it's hard to tell what would have become of the poor editor if a big pressman hadn't come in just then, with his sleeves rolled up and ink on the side of his nose, and relieved him. The pressman fought the major ten minutes before he managed to tear his coat off, and shut both his eyes and fire him down the stairs and halfway across the street. He accomplished it at last, however, and went back to work, and the editor gathered himself together and wrote up a solemn account of the death of the oldest member of the Freemasons, who had just passed away.

MR. JAGSWORTHY'S FAMILY DISCIPLINE.—"Mrs. Jagsworthy," said the head of the family, looking up from his easy-chair at his wife, who was trying to quiet little Willie, "you have no idea of how to manage children. Why, you're a perfect imbecile. You have no firmness—no system—always giving in whenever the child begins to blubber, and humoring and petting him."

"Well, Harry, you know he's only a baby yet—only three years old," said the tired mother, wearily.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Jagsworthy. The training of children should begin from the very cradle. They should be made to understand that they must obey. That was the way my mother brought me up," and Mr. Jagsworthy swelled with the proud consciousness that strict family discipline had evolved a very superior product indeed.

"Now listen to me," he went on. "I'm going to have things managed differently. I'll show you how children ought to be treated."

"Willie."

"Yes, papa—hoo-hoo-hoo."

"Stop that directly, or I'll give you something to cry for. Dye hear?"

"Papa, I want a piece of ca-a-ke, an' ma won't let me have it. Boo-hoo."

"Why can't he have a piece of cake, Maria?" said Jagsworthy.

"Well, Harry, you know he's eaten three pieces already."

"Three pieces, of course he can't have any more. Now, stop crying at once, Willie."

"But I want some ca-a-ke."

"You can't have it. Do you understand?"

A prolonged yell was the only answer.

"Now, I presume, Mrs. Jagsworthy, if you had your way, you would give in at once, and let that child stuff and gormandize, until he made himself sick, just to avoid a little trouble. That is not *my* system. Children must be treated with firmness, and made to obey instantly. Willie, stop crying, I tell you?"

Renewed roaring and inarticulate pleading, in which the word "cake" was alone intelligible.

"Now, Willie, if you don't stop *this instant*, you must leave the room."

A fresh outburst was the only reply.

"Now, of course, Maria, you would let him stay there and roar all night. You, no doubt, think it very cruel in me to insist on his obedience, but I will have it, Mrs. Jagsworthy."

So saying, he proceeded to carry out his determination (and the child), and deposited the struggling youngster in the hallway.

"Now, when you are quiet, Willie, you may come back. Nothing like letting children see that you mean what you say, Maria."

He shut the door and resumed his paper for a few minutes, during which the yelling steadily continued. Finally, he looked up with a somewhat subdued expression.

"My dear," said he, "do you think there is any danger that the boy will make himself ill with crying?"

"I don't think so. He only needs a little firmness, you know," she said, sarcastically.

He resumed his reading, holding the paper upside down for a couple of minutes longer. Then he went to the door and said softly:—

"Is Willie ready to be a good boy now?"

"Boo-hoo-hoo, if you will give me a piece of cake!"

"Poor little fellow! Yes, he shall have a piece of cake, he shall. And was he very cold and lonely, little darling, out there all alone by himself? Come and sit on papa's knee."

Mrs. Jagsworthy said nothing, but looked at her husband and smiled quietly.

"Don't laugh at me, Maria. I know you are heartless enough to sit there and let the poor little fellow cry himself to death, instead of trying to console him. Do you suppose I have no nerves to be tortured by his everlasting squalling? You have just spoiled the boy by your miserable want of system. Firmness? Don't talk to me of firmness! Do you suppose I can undo in half-an-hour the harm you've done in all these years? For goodness sake be quiet, Willie. Cake? certainly, anything there is in the house. Nice sort of a pandemonium for a man to come home to. Where's my hat? I'm going to the club."

And he rushed off, slamming the door, and left family discipline to take care of itself.

PLUMDUFF: "Has that clarning widow any property?"

Ketchum: "Yes, a lot."

Plumduff: "Real estate or personal?"

Ketchum: "Personal—six children."

ONE evening as they sat beneath
The moon's soft rays so pale,
Moved by an impulse born of love,
He kissed her through her veil.

Next evening as before they sat
Beneath the star-flecked dome;
Yet not exactly as before—
She'd left her veil at home.

FACTS.

ONE pound of Indian tea will make 170 cups of strong tea.

THERE are four sovereigns in circulation to one half-sovereign.

TWO-FIFTHS of the companies promoted yearly in England fail.

THE average sunshine of London is only twenty-four hours per week.

ONE hundred years ago the best native oysters were sold at five a penny.

LONDON firms are said to spend over £2,000,000 per week in advertising.

To keep a racehorse in even moderate condition, with proper attendants, costs £325 a year.

AN employer of German clerks says that they work twenty per cent. slower than English ones.

FORTY-FIVE per cent. of the water consumed or drawn for domestic purposes in London is wasted.

THE cultivation of the grape in France gives employment to no fewer than 28,000,000 persons.

THE annual product of paper collars amounts to 15,000,000 per year, one firm turning out 15,000 per day.

HUNDREDS of living codfish are always kept in cages in Grimsby Harbour, to await the demands of fish-dealers.

"A CAMEL" and "beauty" are synonymous in Arabic. An Arab widow generally mourns her husband with the cry of "O my camel!"

UNDERGROUND London has 8,000 miles of sewers, 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 8,200 miles of gas pipes, and 4,600 miles of water mains.

A FRENCH boy has broken two black cats to harness. He drives his pets in single as well as double harness up and down the street every day.

A PIECE of ordinary gingerbread makes a capital barometer. If the atmosphere is in that condition which threatens rain, the gingerbread becomes moist and pliant, while the approach of dry weather restores it to its normal —

THAT which is popularly known as the funny-bone, just at the joint of the elbow, is in reality not a bone at all, but a nerve which lies near the surface, and which, on getting a knock or a blow, causes the well-known tingling sensation in the arms and fingers.

FRENCH peasants will keep a goose fresh for twelve months by cutting the bird into joints, placing it in an earthen pot, and filling all the interstices with hog's lard. When they feel an appetite for goose they withdraw as much as they want from the pot, carefully filling the cavity with more lard.

THE resources of the advertising inventor are endless. A toy gun for posting advertisements is among his latest inspirations. It is used for shooting advertising arrows into trees, fences, buildings, or any inanimate objects. The arrow is feathered with light cardboard of various colours bearing in large type any desired inscription. The advertising darts can be projected out of ordinary reach, but just high enough not to escape the notice of the passer-by.

It is not generally known that Britain has followed the lead of most Continental Powers in establishing a regularly organised military pigeon intelligence department. For some time past a number of carrier pigeons have been located at Eastney Barracks, and are in regular training by a staff under the direction of Captain Britten. The birds are usually taken out in one of the gunboats or other vessels going abroad, and released at a given distance from land with messages to the authorities. Some of the birds are highly trained, and have proved of great service in communicating the whereabouts of vessels. A number of the birds will be utilised during the approaching naval manoeuvres to convey intelligence between the fleets and the shore.

TO CRICKETERS.

TILL the first week in September, we propose to set aside eleven sovereigns a week to be divided among the eleven members of the cricket team which secures the most decisive victory in a one day match. The competition will be confined to *local* club matches.

Results must reach us at latest on the Tuesday of the week following that in which the matches were played, with envelopes marked MATCH. The full scores of each team must be sent in, and must be duly certified by the captain and secretary of one of the teams.

The decision will rest with the editor of this paper, and a sovereign will be sent to each member of the team which is considered to have secured the most decisive victory. The addresses of the members of each winning team should be sent, in order that a cheque may be forwarded to each of them direct.

RESULTS FOR THE COMPETITION FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 9TH MUST REACH US AT LATEST ON TUESDAY, JULY 12TH.

In addition to the above prizes we make the offer of one of Bartlett's famous Repetitive Bats to the cricketer who during the week shall perform the most noteworthy feat either in batting, bowling, or fielding. Applications are covered by the same regulations with regard to the time of sending and authentication as in the case of the cash prizes. The bat will bear a silver shield, on which the name of the owner and the performance for which it was presented is engraved. Envelopes should be marked CRICKETER.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.—12.

THE following seems to us the best article to hand this week:—The sender,

MR. HERBERT E. HARKER,
124, Coltman Street,
Hull,

has therefore been forwarded a cheque for Two Guineas.

SAN SEBASTIAN,
THE SCARBOROUGH OF SPAIN.

PERHAPS there is no country in Europe less familiar to the average Briton than Spain, and it is with some degree of tenuity that I venture to recommend San Sebastian, the Queen of Spanish Watering Places, as a suitable holiday haunt to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*.

There are various reasons why Spain is looked upon as almost inaccessible by the ordinary tourist, and without referring to them in detail, I have no hesitation in saying that in nine cases out of ten they are either groundless or grossly exaggerated. The natives, the mode of living, and the travelling all come in for abuse, while as a matter of fact the stranger will fare much better in Spain than in some of the more frequented Continental countries.

The Spaniards are courteous to a degree. They are all educated in a school of deliberate and stately courtesy unknown elsewhere, and the Briton who throws aside his insular prejudices, and conforms to their stately etiquette, cannot but be favourably impressed by a visit to the Peninsula. It is true that in some of the country inns the fare is a trifle rough, but it is always good and wholesome, and well adapted to the exigencies of the climate.

A great deal has been said about the wretched railway system of Spain, and it must be admitted that great improvements might be made in the service. Still the officials are painstaking and obliging, the carriages fairly comfortable, and everything is done that can possibly ensure the security and comfort of the traveller.

Apart from all this, however, there is a certain fascination about Spain which exists in no other land. The strange history and traditions of the country, the peculiar grace and manner of the people, the curious superstitions, and the relics of Eastern life so prevalent everywhere, invest Spain with an amount of interest which cannot fail to attract and delight the most jaded Briton in search of change and rest. To Spain in general and to San Sebastian in particular, I would call the attention of all who are seeking fresh ground for their annual holiday.

It is doubtful whether there is any other watering-place on the Continental seaboard which presents so striking an appearance as San Sebastian, the subject of this article, as seen from the Bay of Biscay. The little town is picturesquely built on the narrow isthmus at the foot of Monte Orgullo, and nestles snugly beneath the fortified heights of the Castle de la Mota, whose guns frown threateningly at the shipping that enters the bay.

The huge billows of the Atlantic roll gloriously against the beach, the sands are extensive and firm, and the air so fresh and bracing that one can easily understand the favour with which San Sebastian is regarded by the pleasure-loving Spaniards.

For the Briton the pretty little town has special charms. It is half Spanish and half Basque, and the tourist will find plenty to interest him in the curious customs and manners of the people, who are in reality the direct descendants of the Aborigines of Western Europe, and still retain the habits and superstitions of centuries ago.

San Sebastian is an ideal seaside watering-place. It has not too much gaiety but just gaiety enough, and a quiet holiday may be spent there free from that monotony and sense of boredom so often experienced at some of our own seaside resorts. The bathing is excellent, and during the season the beach is studded with tent-like huts or cabins, erected as dressing-rooms for those visitors who desire to enjoy a bath.

San Sebastian is wonderfully clean, picturesquely so indeed, and the charming scenery in the immediate vicinity sets off the beauty of the town to great advantage. A short distance from the bay rises a perfect amphitheatre of hills, clothed in verdure and timber, and dotted here and there with pretty white houses and chalets with red roofs, which stand out very effectively against the deep olive-green of the trees in the sunlight. Some delightful walks may be found along the banks of the Urumea, the little river which empties itself into the Atlantic, whilst the bay itself, with its small merchant vessels, Basque trincadours, French fishing boats and pleasure craft of every description, is quite a study to the artistic eye.

Nor is San Sebastian devoid of the attractions of the orthodox watering-place. It boasts a capital Alameda promenade, where a good military band plays during the evening, and where the dark-eyed beauties of San Sebastian, renowned throughout the North of Spain, may be seen walking to and fro, their coquettish glances taking in the admiration bestowed upon them by the onlookers.

The town possesses a small theatre where moderate performances of Spanish opera and drama may be wit-

nessed, though the summer temperature is usually not conducive to this form of amusement. Mention must also be made of the Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, which is much frequented by the foreign element, but somewhat despised by the Spaniards as inferior to the more pretentious establishments of southern Spain.

Although sometimes not up to the standard of the connoisseur, the performances are quite realistic enough to one not familiar with the art of bull-fighting. The picador, the banderillero, and the espada, attired in the gayest colours, are all to be seen, so are the wretched horses and the doomed bull; and the proceedings are sufficiently serious to give the spectator a good idea of the barbarity of the sport which is still so popular in Spain.

On fête days San Sebastian presents a curious sight. It is thronged with peasants from the surrounding district, dressed in their quaint Basque costume, and the streets are gaily decorated with flowers, streamers, and bunting. Carnival reigns throughout, and the little town echoes with the melodious songs and shouts of the joyous populace.

San Sebastian cannot be said to afford fine examples of either Spanish or Moorish architecture. Still it contains one or two churches worthy of notice, and the visitor should be careful to inspect those of San Vicente and Santa Maria, both of which possess some very beautiful carved work.

The walks and drives round the neighbourhood are many and various. An easy climb brings one to the top of Monte Orgullo, and a magnificent sea view is obtained from the summit of the hill. A short stroll may be taken along the beach, or by road, to the village of Bidasoa, whilst numerous drives to Zarauz, Fuenterrabia and other old Basque towns and hamlets in the neighbourhood will amply repay the trouble.

To the Briton the history of San Sebastian is of special interest. During the Peninsular War the town was the scene of a protracted struggle, and in 1813, after a severe fight, it was captured by the Duke of Wellington from the French, who had seized and held it against the allies. Our army lost between four and five thousand men during the siege and assault, and some of Britain's noblest sons lay buried at San Sebastian.

As is the case at all fashionable watering-places, the hotel charges are high at San Sebastian during the season. If money be no object the visitor can find comfortable quarters at the Fonda de Ecurra or the Fonda de Inglaterra, both of which can be strongly recommended. To those of slender means the less pretentious boarding-house, or casa de huéspedes, will be more suitable, and in such establishments good accommodation may be had for six to ten pesetas (4s. 10d. to 8s. per day), all included.

The second-class fare from London, via Dieppe, Paris and Bordeaux, is £8 13s., so that with a fair allowance for extras, a ten days' holiday at San Sebastian may be had for a ten-pound note. This cost may be reduced if the tourist cares to travel by sea from London to Bordeaux, in which case a cheap return-ticket may be obtained from the G. S. Nav. Co., or their agents, Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son.

San Sebastian has a winter season, but it is well patronised during the early summer and autumn months when large numbers of visitors come from Madrid for the bathing. It is simply impossible not to be pleased with San Sebastian. The pretty little town wins golden opinions from all comers, and when to its various attractions as a seaside resort we add the charm of a visit to Spain, the "renowned, romantic land" of Byron, the country of Cervantes, Murillo, and Calderon, few will deny that San Sebastian has a strong claim to a prominent position in our list of HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

"Is the smoke of this cigar offensive to you?" politely inquired the youth on the platform of the crowded tram-car to the young woman who had been unable to get inside.

"No, sir," she said; "I can stand anything in that line. I am a waitress at a cheap restaurant."

TRAVELLER: "I tell you, sir, the most admirable housekeeper that ever lived was my mother-in-law."

"And she is no longer living?"

"Alas, no! Eaten by cannibals in Africa."

"You don't mean it?"

"It was even so. When the cannibals had thrust her into the cauldron, and she was beginning to cook, she cried out faintly with her last words: 'Don't forget the salt and pepper!'"

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

THESE articles we wish our readers to contribute. They must be not less than 1,000, or more than 1,500 words in length, and we shall pay TWO GUINEAS for the best to hand every week, publishing it with the author's name and address. Competitions should be marked "Holiday" on the envelope.

The articles must of course be original, and the actual experiences of readers during holiday trips. There is no reason why anybody should not try for the prize, for we shall not study literary style so much as good matter.

We do not undertake any responsibility with regard to the safe return of unsuitable MSS., though every care will be taken to send back those with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. The rest will be destroyed.

TATTOOING IN BURMAH.

Of all the Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person, from the waist to below the knee, with figures in black ink. Every man in the whole of Burmah is adorned, and, unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as if he were clothed in a tight-fitting pair of knee breeches.

This "mark of manhood," which is usually conferred when the subject is between twelve and fourteen years of age, is a very painful one, and the agony, which must necessarily be of the most intense, is often prolonged from three days to a week.

The subject, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. The instrument used by the tattooer in doing this dainty work is a brass rod nearly two feet in length and half an inch in diameter, weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure and provided at the other end with a point, divided into four very sharp points by cross slits.

Deep as the points of this stylus sink into the flesh, they seldom draw blood, but the limbs and body soon swell in a manner that would alarm anyone who did not know what the final result would be.

A SLAVE'S REVENGE.

In Hayti and Martinique the venom of the terrible serpent indigenous to those islands, the formidable *fer de lance*, has been often employed by the negroes in disposing of their enemies. A horrible, but well-authenticated, instance of negro ingenuity and malevolence is told in Martinique.

A huge negro, recently imported from the Guinea coast, had been whipped by the order of the master, one of the great planter princes of the island, while it was under French rule. The victim had made no complaint, but meditated revenge. By long search he found the lair of a pair of serpents in the garden adjacent to the house.

Watching his opportunity he killed one, and dragged its body to the house, through a window that was always open, and into the bedroom of the beautiful daughter of the planter. He dragged it to the bed, lifted the coverings, and coiled it on the sheets. When this was done, he carried the dead snake away, and cast it into an adjacent stream.

As night approached, the serpent's mate followed the trail, crept through the open window, and to the bed of the planter's daughter. The latter, half awake, made a motion to brush away the intruder. Instantly the fangs of the snake were fastened in her neck, and in a few hours she was a corpse.

HOW TO ECONOMISE.

THAT witty Frenchman, Méry, was careless in his use of money, and was also inclined to be lazy. With characteristic originality he once attempted to utilise one failing as a restraint upon the other. His heroic scheme was not entirely successful, but he accepted his experience philosophically, and enjoyed telling the story. It happened that he had four thousand francs in forty-franc pieces.

"Now," said he, "if I am economical I can pass a comfortable winter. But I am not economical; however, I have an idea. I think I can be careful about using this money."

He unlocked a large chest in his room and had the things taken out. Then he went to a dealer in firewood and ordered two loads of the largest heaviest blocks. He had the blocks piled in the closet. Then he took his forty-franc pieces and dropped them in the cracks of the woodpile.

"They are safe, now," he said, with a smile of satisfaction, as he locked the door.

Whenever he wanted a piece of money he had to pull out six or more of the great blocks of wood, and all went well for a time. One day he was absorbed in writing, when a beggar, who for some reason had been allowed to come to his door, entered and enlisted Méry's sympathies. With his usual generosity, Méry turned to the drawer where he kept his money. It was empty. Then he unlocked the closet.

To be true to his resolution to spend that money carefully, he should have attacked the woodpile himself; but his dislike for hard work betrayed him into a mistake.

"There are some gold pieces in that woodpile," he said. "Get one for yourself, and while you are about it get some for me, for I shall be wanting some pretty soon."

Then he went back into the room to write. For a long time Méry heard the man throwing the wood about. Finally he went to the door, thinking he must have found a good many gold pieces by that time. He was right, as he found out afterwards. The rascal was flushed and breathless with his exertions. When he saw Méry he said, "I have only one gold-piece," and made his escape immediately. Méry glanced at the closet. The blocks were all in place.

"The idiot re-piled the wood," he said, and went back to his writing.

ENEMIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

ATTENTION has recently been called to the fact that in America the red cedar telegraph poles are often attacked and rendered useless by the borings of the wood-pecker, which not only uses the pole as a kind of apartment house but makes it into a granary also. Some poles have as many as seven hundred holes, large and small, made in them.

In Natal, South Africa, corresponding trouble has resulted from the ingenuity of a bird whose eggs had hitherto been eaten by snakes. It appears to have struck the birds that the snakes could not climb the smooth poles as easily as they could the trees, and so there has been an emigration to the poles.

It is a singular fact that, since making this change of base, the birds, which had placed the opening of the nest at the bottom, to render entry by the reptile difficult, have now, under the safer conditions, reverted to an earlier practice of leaving the orifice in the side.

It is stated that in Brazil the telegraph wires have suffered from the growth around them of orchids. Similar troubles have been experienced in other tropical regions from the tricks of the monkeys which have not only used the wires as a free gymnasium, but have tried their best to undo the painful work of the lineman and constructor.

But the monkeys, swinging from the wires by their tails and cracking coconuts on the insulators, find their rivals in some sharp-shooting cowboys, who, when feeling especially festive, will ride across the plains at full tilt, aiming as they go at the glittering glass knobs of the telegraph line, which, of course, soon succumb to a few volleys of this searching nature.

WONDERFUL SPOONS.

THE pear-wood sherbet spoon of Abadel is famous throughout the Eastern world for its lightness and the beauty of its carving. It is from one to two feet in length, and the bowl, cut from a solid block, holds as much as a wineglass or sometimes as much as a tumbler.

The bowl is so thin as to be semi-transparent, and is often ornamented with an inscription in raised letters. To preserve their translucency each letter is undercut, so that although the letters stand an eighth of an inch above the surface of the bowl, yet the whole is of the same thinness and delicacy.

One half of the surface of the bowl is covered by two cleverly applied pieces of carved wood, which appear to be made of one block though really cemented into place. They are made in such a delicate manner as to be almost filmy in appearance, resembling fine lacework.

The handle, too, is elaborately carved in delicate tracery, and may be twenty inches long and four inches broad at the widest part, but only a tenth of an inch thick. The weight of the largest spoon is not more than two ounces.

The tools used in producing all this fine work are a plane, a rough sort of gouge, and a common penknife. Each spoon is of a separate and original design, no two being alike unless they are ordered in pairs or sets. The price of the finest specimens is from five to fifteen shillings each. They are really works of art, and are valued by Oriental amateurs.

Many of the merchants are very proud of their sherbet spoons. Being wood they are "lawful." A silver spoon, on the other hand, is an abomination; for which reason teaspoons in Persia have a filigree hole in the bowl, and thus can be used only for stirring the tea. It would be unlawful to carry anything to the mouth in a silver spoon.

A FAIR DEAL.

THE stranger was leaning against a wooden paling looking dreamily into space when the proprietor of the place came whistling round the corner with a paint-pot in his hand. He stopped his whistling when he saw the stranger, and hesitated a moment apparently undecided whether to be angry or not.

"Excuse me, sir," he said finally, "that paint is wet." "Wet," exclaimed the stranger, suddenly waking up and jumping away from it.

"Yes, sir, wet," returned the proprietor, looking ruefully at the spot that the stranger's coat had made. "I put it on not half an hour ago myself."

"You didn't put any sign on it that I can see," said the stranger sarcastically, as he tried to look over his shoulder at the back of his coat.

"Sign, sign!" exclaimed the proprietor, growing excited; "of course I didn't. I hadn't finished the job, and anyone but an idiot with a cold in his head can smell wet paint."

"Smell it!" roared the stranger, "do you expect a man in this enlightened age to go about sniffing the air? Do you expect him to try the smell of every paling he wants to lean against, or doorstep he wants to sit down on when he is tired? Do you expect him to go about in this world with a suspicion that everyone is as unscrupulous an idiot as you are? No, sir, it won't do. It—"

"Look here," broke in the proprietor, "when a man comes along and spoils an artistic piece of work like that—"

"Artistic nothing," cried the stranger. "You have this coat cleaned, understand. You get some benzine and clean this coat, or—"

"You paint over that spot again," broke in the proprietor. "You'll make good what you've ruined or I'll make an example of you."

He put down the paint pot, took out the brush, and began a war dance round the stranger.

"Hold on," cried the latter in dismay, as he backed away. "I'll make good the paling if you'll make good the coat."

"I'll make good the coat," exclaimed the proprietor, already beginning to gloat over his victory. "You make good the paling."

"Give me the brush," said the stranger. When he had secured it he stopped and asked, "How are you going to make good my coat?"

"Paint the rest of it," replied the proprietor, gleefully, but forgetting that the stranger had the brush full of paint in his hand.

Whish, swish. The proprietor went down the street followed by the paint brush. Then the stranger took the paint-pot and sprinkled paint over the paling, the path, and the lawn. He got away before the proprietor returned with a revolver, and he is never seen in that street now.

FALSE AND FAIR.

It is by the seaside.

"I love you and I do not love you. It is hard to forgive!" He says moodily.

"It is for you to decide," she replies, lightly, shaking the sands from the folds of her gown. She rises and they saunter on together, yet apart.

"If you cannot be faithful to me now—how can you then?" and the man's vexed eyes studied the sensitive face half hidden beneath its scarlet gauze hat and blazing poppies.

"There need be no—'then'—if you like?" the scarlet pouted lips made answer.

"You would break our engagement?"

"Perhaps. It was a small crime for you to make so great a fuss about. You leave me for a week, I meet a companionable man in the interval, we grow a trifle chummy—"

"A trifle chummy!" he groans.

"Well—very chummy—if you like. We walk—we drive together. He vows he loves me madly. I allow him to vow. Finally we part. His holiday is over. We have a beautiful scene—worthy of Shakespeare. He begs a lock of hair. He wishes to enshrine my memory. I have not the slightest objection. Snip. It is his. He disappears, mumbling and kissing it. You return. I tell you all. You rage and spoil a beautiful morning."

"You have destroyed my confidence in you," he mutters.

She tips her big hat slightly, and surveys him cautiously from beneath its flapping brim. She is fair to look upon, and she knows it.

"I will not tell him—next time," she whispers to herself.

"I loved your subtlety, I loved your very perverseness, I loved your very name," he resumes. "I shall probably continue to love you; but never again as before. You have deceived me. A lock of your hair to that cad. The very thought is madness. He possesses a part of you—the woman I am to call my wife."

"Why, no, he doesn't."

"You yourself said it!"

"Said what?"

"That you gave him a lock of your hair—that day upon the sands—these sands."

"You mistook me. I said a lock of hair."

"Why play with words?"

"But, love, look in my eyes. It was only a lock of my switch."

"Angel! So you are not false?"

"Of course not—only my hair."

And the great sea loses its colour, the sky waxes dim, while it takes the whole expanse of shore to hold his rapture.

TEACHER says that the other day she explained to her class that the meaning of the word "vicissitude" was "change," and then asked a boy to give her a sentence in which the word was used. The urchin, with much pride and evident certitude, immediately sang out—

"Me mother sent me to the grocer's for vicissitude for a sovereign."

STRANGE so few men discover how bad music of the itinerant musicians is until the hat is passed round. If you will notice it, a crowd which is perfectly oblivious of the band's discords will, the moment the hat makes its appearance, say the most cruel things against the wandering minstrels with a unanimity which is quite remarkable.

We have nothing to say about "SEARCH LIGHT" this week. The present number speaks for itself.

THE OSTRICH IN CAPTIVITY.

OSTRICHES are now regularly raised and fed, for the sake of their plumes, in Africa, Australia and America, but their feathers are not nearly so valuable in the market as they used to be, and the care the birds require, and the great losses among them, render them very uncertain property.

On board ship they are particularly apt to be galled and injured by the vessel's motion, and either die at once or have to be killed. They are also very apt to suffer in travelling by rail, and driving them upon their own feet is an endless worry and trouble. The slightest unusual thing, sometimes even the sight of a dog at a distance, will cause a flock to stampede, when some are lost and others break their legs.

The legs of the ostrich are enormous, but the bone is very fragile, and seems sometimes as brittle as porcelain, so that a comparatively slight blow is enough to splinter it into just such jagged and pointed fragments as result from the breaking of china. As the birds are entirely unmanageable, they then have to be killed.

One very common cause of broken legs with ostriches is the curious habit these birds have of waltzing round, especially when they are put in good spirits by being turned out of the enclosure in which they have been kept at night.

Some of them seem to know how to reverse, like human waltzers, but many fall from mere giddiness apparently, and frequently break their legs in doing so. Then they often fight savagely and give each other powerful kicks which break the leg. Their kick is indeed tremendous, and will half kill a strong man if he receives the full force.

As they have very little sense—much less intelligence than a common fowl, indeed—they will go off in the most foolish panics at the slightest thing. In fact, ostriches have about the smallest brains of any living creature of their size, as can easily be seen by noticing the very small head, which is flat and depressed above the eyes.

Although ostriches sometimes lay as many as twenty eggs, and the pair take turns in sitting upon them, a great many persons who raise the birds hatch a good portion of the eggs in incubators, which takes six weeks. A very young ostrich chick is quite pretty, and they are very comical in their movements, but they soon get angular and awkward, and continue so for two or three years. During two years the sexes cannot be distinguished, and the plumage is coarse, rough, and of a dirty drab, mixed with black.

At five years the bird is full grown, and the male is then of a glossy black and the female grey, both having white wings and tail. In each wing are twenty-four long white feathers, which are the valuable ones. The ostrich's body is very bony and lean, the bare thighs being the only fleshy part. On this the ostrich farmers brand their marks, like cattle raisers brand their animals.

The meat of the thigh is good, but rather stringy and tough; it makes excellent soup, for which it is used very often by farmers who are obliged to kill one of their birds. One ostrich egg is equal in quantity of contents to about twenty-four hens' eggs, and it is quite as delicate and useful for most household purposes, but the birds themselves are too valuable for many eggs to be used for eating by their owners.

A number of ostriches are killed, on the farms of the breeders, by collision with the wire fences, by means of which great portions of land are enclosed. They often charge into the wires after some dog or other supposed enemy on the outside, and injure themselves fatally. This often happens when the dog is passing, and is taking no notice of the bird.

Ostriches swallow all sorts of hard things, which gives rise to the saying, "the digestion of an ostrich," but they take them, just as a small bird takes grains of sand, to enable the gizzard to grind up the food. In their crops are found bones, broken china and glass, and pieces of iron, as well as stones.

They have been known, on ostrich farms, to take the lighted pipe from a man's mouth and swallow it, and other things as curious and unlikely. Their action in doing so is as quick as lightning. They are attracted by anything that glitters, and often pick up such things carelessly left about, particularly jewellery.

A lady sometimes has her ear-ring snatched at while leaning over a fence looking at the ostriches, and a story is told of a gentleman who was inspecting the birds in an enclosure, and who wore a diamond pin in his scarf. A bird spied the stone, his bill came like a shot, and the diamond was swallowed. Then a consultation was held as to the relative value of the stone and the bird, which was a fine one. It was just at a time when ostriches were very valuable, and as the bird was valued at a hundred pounds, and the diamond was only worth sixty, the bird was allowed to live. Now ostriches are a good deal cheaper, and the life of the robber would be sacrificed at once for his audacity in adding such a valuable stone to the collection in his crop.

Ostriches have been in captivity so short a time that it is not known how long they live. They are certainly very long-lived; and, strange to say, the oldest of which there is any knowledge yield as handsome feathers as any.

This is a very singular fact, and goes to prove the longevity of the birds, if no accident happens to them. Those which die in captivity die by accident.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Insert will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Vegetable Marrow. If possible, this vegetable should always be cooked whole, and the marrow will have more flavour when the skin is left on for boiling.

Alum Water is excellent for rinsing muslin curtains and muslin hangings, also children's frocks and pinafores. It renders them non-inflammable. Dissolve two ounces of alum in one gallon of water, and use it for rinsing.

A Healthy Bed is greatly conducive to good health. Feather beds should be abandoned; they tend to induce artificial perspiration, and to weaken the system. The best bed and the most comfortable is one that has a wire-woven spring mattress, surmounted by a half stuffed mattress.

Boiled Crust for Puddings should be made with finely shredded suet and not dripping. To every pound of flour allow four or six ounces of suet and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix into a stiff paste with cold water. If this pastry is rolled out thinly it is excellent for all kinds of fruit puddings.

What will take Ink out of White Flannel? The fear in taking ink out of flannel is that the material may be shrunk or discoloured from the chemical used to remove the stain. Try powdered oxalic acid just on the spot and moistened with very hot water. Milk applied instantly is a very safe method of removing ink stains on any fabric. (Reply to CRICKET SHIRT.)

Railway Pudding. Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder with two teaspoonfuls of flour; add one teaspoonful of sugar; rub in two ounces butter; take one egg and beat it up well in a teacup; fill the cup up with milk, and make the cake into a light batter with this. Grease two shallow tins, of the same size. Bake the cakes in these for twenty to thirty minutes. Turn out on to a dish, spread one cake with warm jam, and place the other on the top. Serve hot or cold. (Reply to GOODWILL.)

Good Chutney Recipe. The ingredients in this recipe should be well pounded in a mortar, and then boiled until soft enough to mash through a colander. Mix together, well, two ounces mustard seed, quarter of an ounce of red pepper, half a pound of brown sugar, ground ginger one ounce, stoned raisins six ounces, garlic two ounces, onions four ounces, salt one and a half ounces, apples one and a half pounds. Moisten gradually with one and a half pints of vinegar. (Reply to CONSTANT READER.)

Referring to Dress Materials. There is, I find, really no market for the above so completely reliable and at the same time cheap, as that of The Warehouse, 78, Princess Street, Manchester. Mr. Noble, after several years of testing, choosing and buying, has brought his goods to such a state of perfection that they are being sought by every class of person. I must also mention the excellent dress parcel system of his, which supplies the purchaser with all necessary items for making up and finishing a costume in the best style. Mr. Noble's dress lengths, sold at 7s. 6d., make into most delightful costumes. The "Favourite Fabrics" represent the newest and most stylish cloths of every texture, design and shade.

To Clean Clothing. It is a mystery to many besides yourself, how the scourers of old clothes can make them as good as new. Perhaps the following information will help to make it clear. Take for instance, a shiny old broadcloth coat. The scourer makes strong, warm soapuds and plunges the garment into them, soaks it up and down and rubs the dirty places; if necessary puts it through a second time; then rinses it through several waters and hangs it on a line to dry. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, then he presses it. An old cotton cloth is next laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until all the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. Clothes should always have suds made especially for them, as in those which have been used for white cotton or woollen garments, lint will be left which will cling to the cloth. In the manner described the same coat and trousers have been renewed time and time again and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings. (Reply to F. W. B., STOCKPORT.)

To Soften Brushes. Use a strong solution of soda and steep them for a time, working occasionally; or try naphtha or petroleum. (Reply to PAINTER'S BOY.)

A Good Nourishing Drink is made of oatmeal. Place four ounces of oatmeal, six ounces of sugar, and a lemon cut into slices in a pan; mix all together with a little warm water, then add a gallon of boiling water; stir thoroughly and drink when quite cold. Any flavouring may be added instead of lemon.

Devonshire Junket is a simple dish much appreciated at this season of the year. It is made thus: Place a quart of warm milk in a bowl, turn it with the necessary quantity of rennet, directions for which will be found on the bottle in which it is bought. Let it stand till cold. Pour a little cream on the top and sift cinnamon and sugar over it.

This is How to Make Snowballs. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in a quart of milk, with a pinch of salt, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and a little thin lemon peel, until the rice is quite tender and the milk all soaked up. Remove the lemon peel, press the rice into small round greased cups, and set till next day to cool. Turn out on a glass dish, put a little red jam on each, whip up threepennyworth of cream till quite stiff, and place in a mound on the centre of the dish with the balls round it.

Scalds May be Completely Cured Without any Pain. I am told by a kind correspondent, if this treatment is carefully followed. Apply a cold water pad to all spots touched by the hot liquor and let it remain so long as any sting is felt. Do not attempt to remove the clothing, the stocking, nor any other garment until the scald is completely cooled by the cold application, then the clothes may be drawn off and the skin under it will be unbroken. The application should be constantly renewed until the redness of the flesh is gone and the pain allayed. This will take about six hours. (Thanks to H. O. B.)

Toilet Vinegar. I am thoroughly convinced of the invigorating effect of toilet vinegar in the bath, and only stay my hand on account of the extravagance of buying such luxuries. I have now had given me a refreshing recipe which I hope may be appreciated; I shall certainly make some for my own use when I have a little leisure. Half a pint of Bordeaux, or best malt vinegar; half a pint of good brandy; a teaspoonful of essence of bergamot; a pint of rose or elder flowerwater. Mix the bergamot with the spirit, then add the vinegar, and finally the rose water. It may be cleared by straining through a funnel lined with clean blotting paper; but in use it will make little difference whether clear or cloudy. (Reply to AUNT JANE.)

To Preserve Pineapples. These must be pared and afterwards weighed, allowing to each pound of fruit a pound of loaf sugar and quarter pint water. Melt a small quantity of the sugar in a preserving pan with quarter pint water. When this has been done, add gradually the rest of the sugar, and boil until you have a clear syrup. Skim well. Now put in the pine, cut in thick slices, as it wastes much in boiling, and boil for a good half hour, until the fruit has a clear appearance. Put in pots and cover when cold, as in the case of ordinary jam-making. Be careful in paring to avoid losing half the fruit by trying to peel in clear circles. Out the slices in notches, and thus avoid wasting the pines. If you will send me your address I can give you several methods of cooking pines. But space does not permit of anything further on the subject here. (Reply to JENNIE H.)

Sensible Scissors. Mr. George Addy, of Waverley Works, Sheffield, has patented a new form of scissors, and has arranged with the editor to call them after this paper. A pair have been sent to me, and I want to bring their merits before my readers. Here is a diagram showing the form they take. Their value lies in the fact that



instead of having to stretch the finger and thumb until the tendons almost crack when wishing to make a long cut, this can be done by opening the handles of the scissors a very little way indeed. Their form, too, confers greater facilities for cutting out garments than in the case of scissors of the ordinary pattern. Mr. Addy tells me that Messrs. Marsden Brothers, of Bridge Street Works, Sheffield, have been appointed manufacturers of these PEARSON'S SCISSORS, and will supply them in seven-inch size at 2s. 8d. a pair, 2s. 6d. post free.

Gold Lace Should be Cleaned Thus: Procure some rosin cottons and with it well rub the lace. Polish afterwards with tissue paper. (Reply to R. M. C., BARMONDEY.)

A Milk Cheese made in this way will be appreciated as highly as those cream cheeses we buy. It is also a good way of using up sour milk. When the milk is sour and solid, pour it into a small basket (such as a strawberry punnet) lined with a piece of wet muslin. Stand to drain for twenty-four hours, when it should be a solid cheese.

Blackening for Harness. Melt four ounces with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy; four ounces of soft soap, dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay this on the harness with a sponge and polish with a brush and cloths. (Reply to WEEKLY READER.)

Useful Hints. Never put food away in tin plates. Fully one half of the cases of poison from the use of canned goods arise because the articles are left or put back into the can after using. Butter or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating. When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Soup should never be left in a saucepan to get cool, but turned into a deep bowl and the fat removed carefully when cold. Mackerel and mushrooms stewed (both fresh) is a most delicious fish dish, though it is seldom seen at our tables. To remove fruit stains, moisten them and hold over the fumes of a burning brimstone match. Fish is scaled very easily if dipped for an instant into boiling water. Make tea with water that has only boiled once. Tissue paper is the best thing for polishing plated brass or silver ware. In washing grained woodwork use clear water or cold tea. Lamp oil, well rubbed in, will remove the white spots on tables caused by hot plates. Never place coins between the teeth or in the mouth, for money is handled by all sorts of people.

Isobel

LAST NOTICE OF LADIES' WORK COMPETITION.

I WANT to offer some prizes for competition among my lady readers. The articles sent in, and not returned, will, after the awards have been decided, be distributed amongst charitable institutions.

- (1) Name and address of sender must be stitched on to each garment, and with each must be a certificate stating that it is the unaltered work of the sender.
- (2) Those who wish their work returned must tie on to it a stamped and fully addressed label.
- (3) Rough edges will disqualify any work for competition.
 - 1. Ladies' cotton shirt, with stiff collar and cuffs, full fronts, yoke back. Frill on front optional. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s. The shirts for competition may be washed before being sent in. It is immaterial whether the work is done by machine or hand.
 - 2. Cotton blouse, full fronts, back and sleeves. Turned down collar and cuffs, which may be edged with two-inch frill of material, also the front edge. First prize, 15s.; second prize, 7s. 6d.
 - 3. Flannelette, or flannel shirt, similar to boy's cricketing shirt—with or without yoke. First prize, 10s.; second prize, 5s.

All competitions must be sent in on or before Monday, July 18th, to

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Offices of Pearson's Weekly,
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London, E.C.

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A Calendar.	1892. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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Hope for Bald HAIR & SCALP DISEASES.



Engraved from Photos., showing effects of "Horn's," age of patient 55 years.

Baldness in men, excessive falling off of the hair in women, bald patches or premature greyness, cannot be cured with one and the same lotion. These disorders arise from quite opposite causes, and require specific treatment.

Do not waste money on a so-called "Restorer," containing iodine, and nostrums for which impossible virtues are claimed by empirical pretenders. There is no such thing that will cure Baldness "from whatever cause arising," or produce luxuriant growth "in a few days." Advertisements to this effect are miserable frauds!

BALDNESS, as seen in men (loss of hair from the crown or forehead), can be thoroughly cured by using my celebrated "Horn's." It removes the congested condition of the follicles (the cause of baldness), and provides food for the hair. Testimonials of cures (from eminent medical men included) with each bottle. Price per post, 6d. and 12s. 6d.

FALLING OFF and thinning of the hair, from which ladies suffer after illness in the spring, and autumn, is due to a feeble circulation and relaxation of the scalp. My "German Hair Tonic" used as a dressing will increase the absorbing power of the bulbs and re-establish the normal functions of the follicles. Post free, 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.

BALD PATCHES amongst the Hair or Beard (often resulting in total baldness) are due to a vegetable fungus, and require different treatment from ordinary loss of hair. My "Aroma Lotion" will effect a radical cure even in chronic cases. Sufferers, do not despair! I have cured patients who had tried every nostrum in vogue, and had exhausted medical skill. 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.

GREYNESS.—Grey Hair can now be restored to its own rich natural colour without treatment dangerous to health. My celebrated "Aroma" supercedes all old-fashioned dyes and the dangerous so-called "Restorers." It is quick in effect, cleanly to use, odourless, permanent, and does not stain the skin. Medical certificate with each bottle. Price, 3s. 6d. and 6s.

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VITAL SECRETS FOR MEN.

Don't take medicine, but read "MYSTERIA," the best approved guide on essential matters. Post free, Bothers Publishing Company, 41, Lord Street, Liverpool. (Mention Pearson's.)

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